

The Sketch.



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The Sketch

No. 1079.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

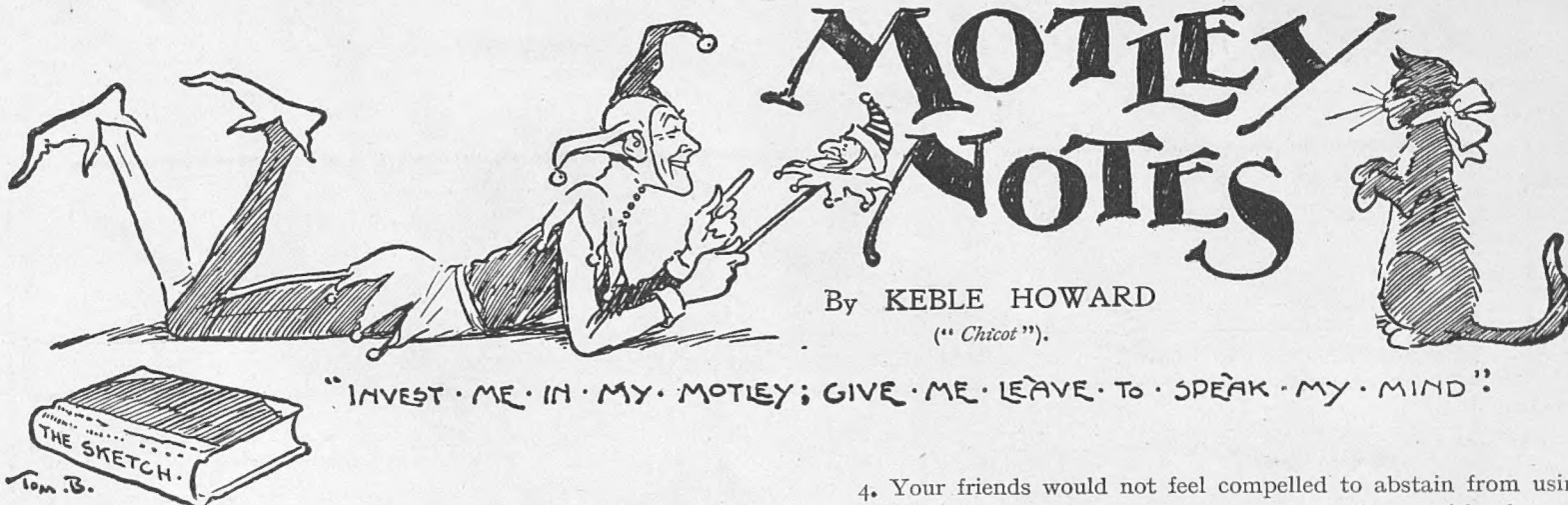


TO BE A TRUE PORTRAIT, IT MUST BE UPSIDE DOWN! ADOLPHE PÉGOUD, OF THE UPSIDE-DOWN FLIGHTS
ON A BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE.

Adolphe Pégoud, whose upside-down flights on a Blériot monoplane have caused such sensation in France and in this country, took his pilot's certificate as recently as February 8 last, and is only twenty-four. As a soldier, he was in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, then in the Hussars, and finally in the Colonial Army. He saw active service in Morocco and in Algeria. He was born at Montferrat, in the Department of Isère. Describing, chaffingly, his first upside-down flight, he said: "I simply

imagined that I was with my barber, who told me to hold my head down. In fact, whilst I was flying with my head down I felt quite at ease. The straps over my shoulders held me tight, and I knew I could not fall out. The position was an ideal one for observation. This is a hint to military aviators and observers. If they want to see well what is below they have only to tell their pilot to turn their machines upside down whilst they look and see what is going on beneath."

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



An Old Worry.

I am sorry, on this truly beautiful morning in late September, to be obliged to worry you, friend the reader, with an old worry; but I think you will agree that the best way to deal with a worry is to worry through it or worry it to death. The old worry with which I feel compelled to worry you is the telephone worry. This particular worry is by no means worried through, but we have made a big hole in it, and we must not leave the work half done. Our generation has many things to accomplish for the sake of the generations to come after, and one of our duties is to see to the perfecting of the telephone. The Continent has seen to it, more or less; America has seen to it, a great deal more than less; and we must see to it.

I have been stirred into renewed activity on this matter by a letter in the *Daily Mail* from a woman telephone subscriber. "I have been abroad," she writes, "from the end of April until the end of August, and am now residing at an hotel. My flat in Knightsbridge has all the time been dismantled and locked up. I gave my bankers orders to pay my yearly subscription for the telephone in May (for which I hold the receipt), and yet to-day I receive an account of threepence for August for excess calls, together with a notice that any inquiry relating to accounts cannot be looked into after seven days from its issue.

"I am a woman living alone, and shall be more than grateful if you can help such as myself from being domineered over in this scandalous fashion."

How Would This Do?

In the first place, I must warn the lady—if she happens to come across these insignificant notes—that it is a dangerous thing to lose your temper with a machine. If you lose your temper with a human being, you do, at any rate, get some sort of satisfaction. You may get an apology, or a retort, or an excuse, or a smack in the eye. Your anger, in any case, will be appeased. But a machine will not apologise, or retort, or make an excuse, or even smack you in the eye. It will remain quite tranquil, quite silent, and will repeat the offence again and again in the same unruffled manner—until you have it put in order.

In dealing with the telephone, it is the greatest mistake in the world to try to treat it as a human being. Although it is operated by human beings, it is simply a vast machine. The Postmaster-General has no personal spite against you; the operator has no personal spite against you; the clerk who sends you the demand for payment for excess calls which you have not had has no personal spite against you. They are all parts of a huge machine, and if you lose your temper with this machine you may lash yourself into a condition of hysteria without getting even the flicker of an eye-lid by way of redress.

Well, when we are dealing with a machine we must treat it as a machine. I am therefore going to suggest, very modestly, and with the full assurance that I am late in the day, that every instrument shall be worked on the penny-in-the-slot system.

The Advantages.

Think of the advantages that would be derived from this system—

1. You would not use the telephone half so often. Trumpery calls—or joy-talks—would become a great rarity.
2. You would never have to write a cheque in favour of the Postmaster-General.
3. You could not possibly be charged for excess calls.

4. Your friends would not feel compelled to abstain from using your telephone. At present, they would rather perish than go within a mile of the thing.

5. When you let your house, you would not have the bother of arranging about the use of the telephone.

6. When you are away from home, your servants could use the telephone as often as they cared to drop their own pennies in the slot.

7. You would never waste time in writing angry letters to the Postmaster-General.

8. You would hear no more from me on this tiresome old subject.

Here, then, are a few of the advantages of the penny-in-the-slot system. I happen to know that Mr. Samuel is a regular reader of *The Sketch*. As soon as I receive his reply, friend the reader, I will reproduce it on this page—if my Editor permits—for your benefit.

When to Gauge a Play.

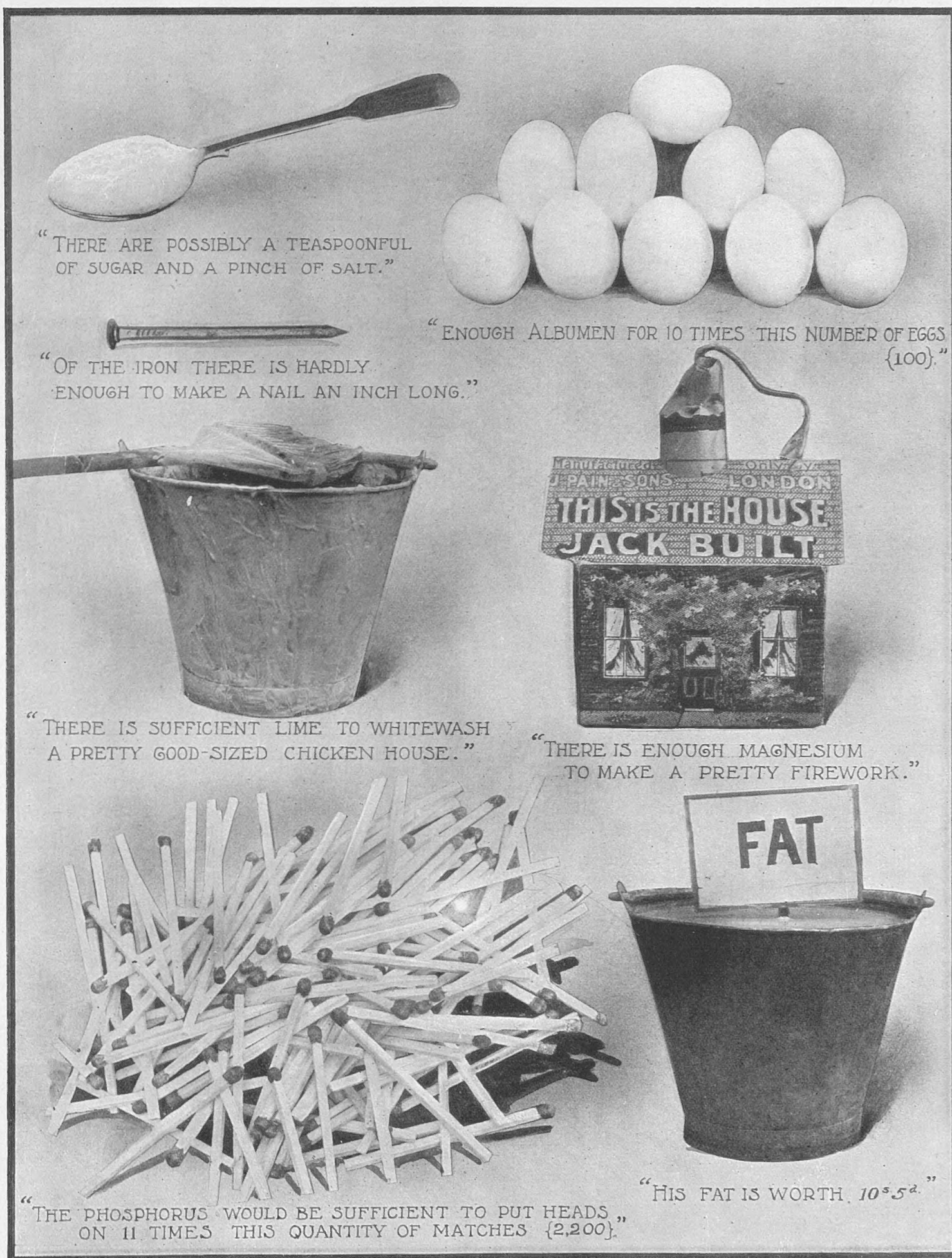
"The greater one's experience the more one knew that the merit of the play as a commercial factor could be gauged only in front of the public. Were there a person in England who could gauge the merit of a play before production he was sure the Theatrical Managers' Association would vie with the West End Managers' Association to gain that man's services at a salary of £20,000 a year."

I take this passage from the report of a speech by Sir Herbert Tree. I do not agree, and I have never agreed, that it is necessary to wait for the verdict of an audience before knowing the fate of a play. There are, in my opinion, two occasions upon which the fate of a play can be gauged, and they are both before production. The first occasion is when the completed play is submitted to a trained mind that has no previous knowledge of the play or the name of the author. And the other occasion is the final dress-rehearsal. On the first occasion, the most you can say is this: "If this play is produced as the author saw it when he was writing it, it will be a success." On the second occasion you can say quite definitely: "This play will be (or will not be) a success." Which-ever you say on the second occasion, of course, does not matter, because no manager would withdraw a play at the final dress-rehearsal. Having gone so far, he takes a sporting chance, whether or not he feels in his bones that his play will be a success.

When It is Hard to Gauge a Play.

It is far harder to gauge a play on the first night than at the dress-rehearsal. On the first night, the house may be excessively friendly, or excessively hostile, or excessively indifferent. If the time of year is good, and the theatre is good, and the author is an established favourite, and the cast contains established favourites—real "stars"—the audience will be excessively friendly. If the play is indecent or blasphemous, the audience will be excessively hostile. If the time of year is bad, and the theatre is not popular, and the author has to win his spurs, and the cast is not illumined with stars, the audience will be excessively indifferent. But you have to know all these things, and even then you may not take them all into account. At the dress-rehearsal, if you have the sense of the theatre and can feel with the average playgoer, you know. At the dress-rehearsal of "His House in Order," to take a single instance, after the second act, I was able to telephone to my paper that the play would be a huge success and was "worth a column." It ran over a year. So you can tell, Sir Herbert. I beg to apply, herewith, for that £20,000 a year, and I am willing to give three months' trial for nothing.

WHAT YOU ARE—PLUS WHAT? THE "CLAY" OF MAN.

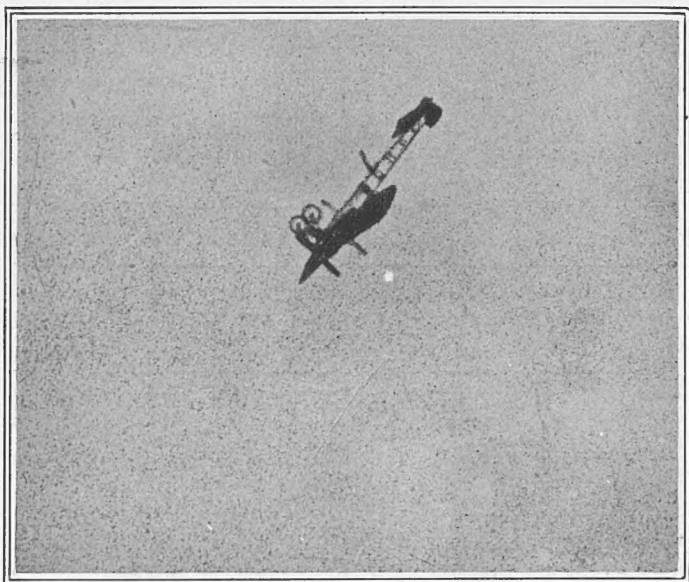


WHAT YOU ARE—ACCORDING TO A GERMAN: THE CONSTITUENT ELEMENTS OF MAN.

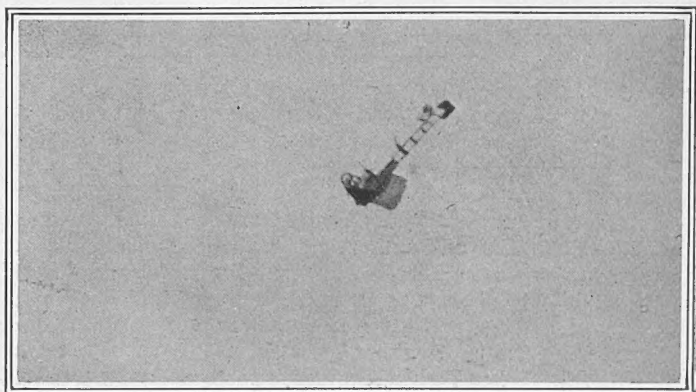
We take the following note from the "Medical Press": "'What a piece of work is a man!' and he has been reduced to his essentials. A German, needless to say, has worked it out. A 150-pound human being is worth £1 11s. 3d.—that is, in terms of his constituent elements. 'His fat is worth 10s. 5d.; of the iron there is hardly enough to make a nail an inch long. There is sufficient lime to whitewash

a pretty good-sized chicken-house. The phosphorus would be sufficient to put heads on 2200 matches, and there is enough magnesium to make a pretty firework. The average human body contains enough albumen for 100 eggs. There are possibly a teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt.'" Of such material is our clay compounded, plus—the unknown quantity.

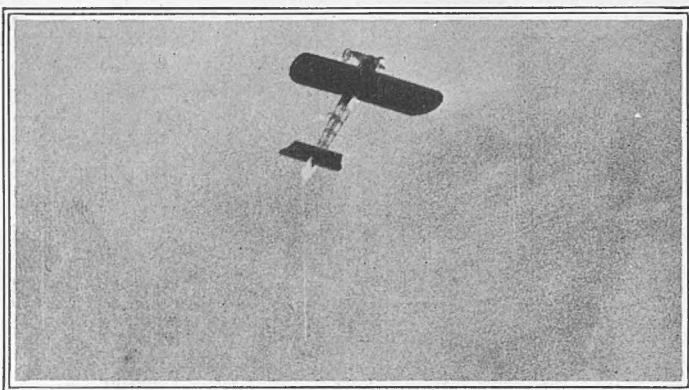
PÉGOUD'S ASTONISHING "STUNTS": UPSIDE-DOWN FLIGHT.



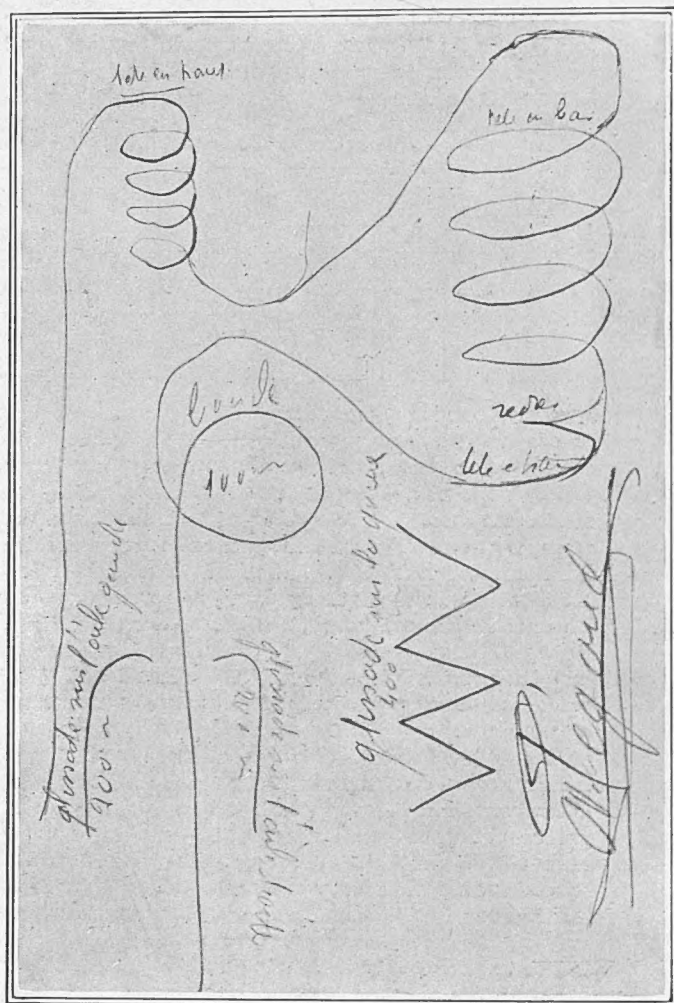
DURING AN UPSIDE-DOWN FLIGHT: THE WHEELS POINTING TO THE SKY.



GETTING INTO THE UPSIDE-DOWN POSITION: WHEELS ABOVE, AIRMAN BELOW.



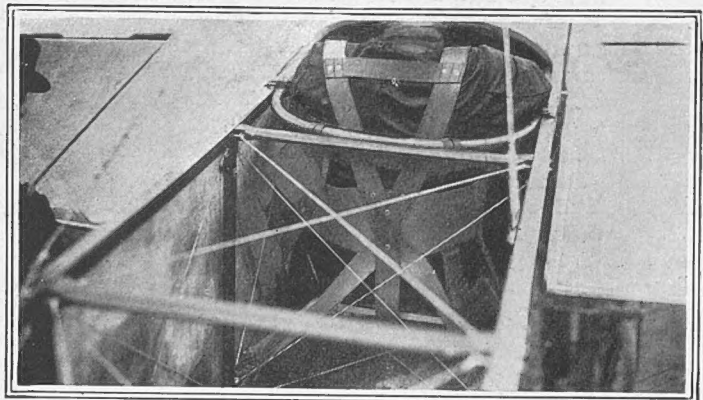
A FULL-BACK VIEW FROM BELOW: THE MONOPLANE UPSIDE DOWN IN THE AIR.



DRAWN BY M. PÉGOUD HIMSELF AND SIGNED: DIAGRAMS OF HIS MARVELLOUS AERIAL SOMERSAULTS.



HOW A HIGH-FLYING AEROPLANE IS PHOTOGRAPHED: "LONG TOM"—A TELESCOPIC CAMERA.



STRAPPED IN TO THE PILOT'S SEAT: M. PÉGOUD READY FOR AN UPSIDE-DOWN FLIGHT.

In applying the American word "stunts" to M. Pégoud's marvellous aerial somersaults, we do not suggest that they are merely examples of sensational trick-flying, although, of course, many of those who flock to witness them probably regard them in that light. M. Pégoud has himself pointed out the practical value of his feats.

For one thing, he says, he wished to demonstrate how an airman, by retaining his nerve and his control of the machine, might be able to turn a disastrous fall into an aerial evolution. His main object, he said on Saturday, is to increase the confidence of airmen, and thereby to increase their safety.

ROYALTY BEHIND "THE SKETCH"; SOCIETY AT PERTH.



THE LATEST ROYAL USE FOR "THE SKETCH"! THE QUEEN OF GREECE MASKS HERSELF FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER—
A ROYAL GROUP AT EASTBOURNE.

We prefer to take the modest view that the Queen of Greece's chief interest in our paper at the moment was to hide herself from the photographer's lens! Otherwise, of course, we should note how very absorbing her Majesty

finds our paper. The snapshot was taken the other day on the beach at Eastbourne. From left to right are Princess Helen, the King of Greece, the Queen of Greece, and Prince Alexander.



1. LORD NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART, ELDER OF THE MARQUESS OF BUTE'S TWO BROTHERS, AT THE PERTH HUNT MEETING.
2. AN INTERESTED GROUP (LADY KINNOULL IN THE CENTRE).
3. LADY KINNOULL, WIFE OF THE TWELFTH EARL OF KINNOULL, AT THE PERTH HUNT MEETING.

That popular Scottish gathering, the Perth Hunt Meeting, proved every bit as successful as usual, and drew together quite a crowd of people well

4. THE COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD, WIFE OF THE SIXTH EARL; AND MR. W. A. RAMSAY.
5. MR. RUSSELL OF ADEN; AND LADY KATHERINE CARNEGIE, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF SOUTHESK.
6. THE COUNTESS OF SOUTHESK; AND CAPTAIN DRUMMOND MURRAY.

known not only in the North, but in the South. The course is within the policies of the Earl of Mansfield at Scone Palace.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Topical.

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*Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"I LOVE YOU," at the Ambassadors', is one of the pieces that,
even after perversion into English, remains intensely foreign,
and rather nasty too. Mr. James Parker has, I believe,
taken great liberties with the comedy of Roberto Bracco—no doubt,
with his consent—but nothing short of writing a new play would
have given us an agreeable comedy. Why such things are chosen
is a mystery—unless, indeed, the fact that there is absolutely only
one female part in the three-act comedy tempted Mme. Lydia
Yavorska to produce it. And of this one female character, the
fascinating Sandra, some of us were heartily tired before the play
was over. No wonder the American husband got "fed up" with
this bundle of nerves, this rampantly coquettish, noisy, hysterical,
restless, vain person whom Mme. Yavorska represented very well
according to this description; but the violence of her acting, the
lack of repose, and her quaint method of utterance were rather
serious drawbacks. The men laboured heroically, without due
reward, though some of them were quite clever in their work, such
as Mr. W. B. Davis, an American actor, and Messrs. Herbert
Bunston, Robert Farquharson, Martin Sands, and H. de Lange.

Miss Horniman's company has returned to the Court Theatre
with "Hindle Wakes," as brilliant and as deliciously Lancashire as
ever. An evening with them is a continual delight, they are such
original people, and so humorous and so true. One may doubt
whether Mr. Stanley Houghton will ever do anything better; but
as there will always be revivals of "Hindle Wakes," we need not
trouble about that for the present. Miss Muriel Pratt is again the
determined and self-confident Fanny, and, but for her remarkable
will-power, as natural a mill-girl as ever lived; and Mr. Bibby and
Mr. Lomas are the very models of two old Lancashire business men;
while the rest of the company is excellent.

Youth and courage caused Mlle. Rachel Bérendt to be rash
enough to present "Phèdre" at the New Theatre to an audience
many of whom had seen her mistress—Bernhardt—in Racine's
great tragedy. Complete success seemed impossible, and, indeed,
we were distracted by comparisons forced on us through the young
actress's close resemblance in style to the divine Sarah, whom we
seemed to be seeing on a small scale throughout the afternoon. A
small scale, for Mlle. Bérendt is smaller in stature and volume of
voice—matters of no little moment on such an occasion. However,
the young lady has a charming person, great cleverness, and is very
much in earnest; she rendered the quieter passages admirably,
and if she lacked power and passion in the fiercer scenes—well, she
is only about twenty years old, and from an actress of that age one
cannot expect the real Phèdre. The company supporting her was
quite excellent. Indeed, M. J. Yonnel, the Hippolyte, promises
to be an actor of great value; and the others showed how much
can be done by careful training for artists who do not possess the
sacred fire.

"The Pearl Girl" is certainly a pearl of great price, for an
enormous amount has been spent upon the scenery and the wonder-
ful gowns, but on the first night the poor dear was hardly at her
best. She started very well, but did not prove to be a "stayer."
The plot faded away, and the reception was unsatisfactory. Perhaps
the explanation of the reception is that musical comedy is getting
out of fashion—that the public no longer is willing to have a com-
plicated plot which promises amusing development, but is almost
cast aside half through the evening in favour of a string of "turns,"
each of which seems accidental. And yet Mr. Lauri de Frece and
Mr. Alfred Lester may very well work it up into a success. The
book and lyrics are by Mr. Basil Hood, who, of course, is quite capable
of giving us a logical, coherent comic story; as matters stand, he
merely presents the promise of one. He has written neat lyrics and
provided some fairly good jokes, and suddenly seems to have lost
interest in the affair; and when he did, I did, and so did many of
us. The music, by Herr Hugo Felix and Mr. Howard Talbot, does
not blend very well, and it is rather difficult to see the basis on which
they work together. Each has produced some numbers likely to
prove successful, but there are some where the music is thin, and it
may be mentioned that Mr. Howard Talbot has hardly got over the
rag-time mania. The company contains some popular people, but
is not very rich in good vocalists. Mr. Alfred Lester was quite
funny at times. Mr. Lauri de Frece worked strenuously and
cleverly, and Mr. Harry Welchman sang his first song admirably.
Miss Iris Hoey presented the heroine agreeably; Miss Cicely
Courtneidge and Miss Ada Blanche won a good deal of applause.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MACLEHOSE.

Chapters at the English Lakes. Rev. H. D.
Rawnsley. 5s. net.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.

A Plea for the Younger Generation. Cosmo
Hamilton. 2s. 6d. net.

GAY AND HANCOCK.

The Day of the Golden Chance. Walter J.
Mathams. 2s. 6d. net.

WARD, LOCK.

The Nether Millstone. Gilbert Littlestone. 6s.
The Opening Door. Justus M. Forman. 6s.
The Second Chance. Paul Trent. 6s.
Until Seventy Times Seven. L. G. Moberly. 6s.

BALLIN.

The Face and How to Read It. Annie I.
Oppenheim. 2s. 6d. net.
The Child and How to Train It. Annie I.
Oppenheim. 2s. 6d. net.



FOUR THOUSAND FEET UP BY CABLE-RAIL: THE LAKE OF THUN: COW-BELLS AND TEMPLE-BELLS.

A Cable Ascent. I do not need now to make an ascent in an air-ship to see whether I like or do not like the sensations of aviation. I have been up the cable railway that runs up the Harder Mountain, just outside Interlaken, and have experienced all the sensations, and more, that anyone can feel on taking a first trip in an aeroplane, and I do not like them at all. The line goes for the first couple of thousand feet straight up the side of the mountain, which is almost as sheer as a cliff; and as, with a series of tugs, one is pulled up, the fields and houses and the river and lakes down below grow smaller and smaller. I defy anyone to go for a pleasure trip up the Harder without thinking most of the time what would happen if the cable should break. Of course, the view of the mountains all around is splendid; and if the Jungfrau does not happen to be sulking behind clouds, there could be no better point for seeing it than a car climbing a mountain right opposite to it; but I found that the angle of the car directed my view down and not up, and I looked a good deal more at the dwindling houses below than I did at the white mass of slopes of snow, and cotton-wool clouds upon them, which was all there was to be seen of the big mountain.



AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INCIDENT, NOT A RECONSTRUCTION OF IT: THE REMARKABLE BEHAVIOUR OF A BAIL

During a recent cricket match between Alton and Basingstoke a ball bowled by the Rev. F. S. Farebrother struck the wicket and sent one of the bails into the air. In falling, the bail alighted on the leg stump and remained balanced on it. The umpire gave in favour of the batsman.

Photo. by Sport and General.

asked me if I had an attack of *vertige*, adding, to comfort me, that fifty out of every hundred passengers who went up did feel the sudden hoisting into thin air. I denied the impeachment; but, all the same, I was very glad to be in the car again, and still more glad when we reached the level. If aviation has any sensation more disagreeable than walking down a steep flight of stairs with nothing but air at the end of them, I do not want to experience it.

Impressions of Interlaken.

The pleasantest memories I have brought away from Interlaken are of the steamer trip up the Lake of Thun, which was part of my journey there, and of the sound of the bells tied round the necks of the cream-coloured cows which graze on the Hohenmatte. There are some things they manage better in Switzerland than in Scotland, and one of these is that the steamship lines and railway lines work together harmoniously. On the little journey from Berne to Interlaken, a steamer is waiting at the quay at the first station out of Thun, Scherzlingen, and one can defer until the very last moment a decision whether to go on to Interlaken by water or by the line which runs along the shore of the lake—for the ticket serves for either. The sun broke through the clouds when I

came to Scherzlingen, and the white steamer, with its awnings, looked so much more inviting than a stuffy train that I got out of the railway carriage and took to the ship. The view of the mountains, which "Baedeker" stars, was not visible, for the clouds hung obstinately to all the higher peaks, and I had to stay two days at Interlaken before I saw the Jungfrau without a veil of clouds over its head; but all the banks of the lake were in sunshine, and there was not a ripple on the water. Though the Lake of Thun does not rank amongst the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, it has everything on its banks that a lake should have—orchards and picturesque chalets, and villages clustering round old castles with extinguisher roofs to their turrets, and a water-fall that plunges down through a gorge. I have added Spiez, a delightful village as seen from the lake, to the list of places—a very long one—at which I am going to stay when I have time to spare.

The Cow-Bells.

From the window of my room in the hotel at which I stayed at Interlaken I looked across a wide green meadow towards the Jungfrau, and on this meadow two herds of cream-coloured cows grazed. On the neck of every other cow was a bell, attached by a broad strap, and as the bells are of different sizes, they chimed, and did it in harmony. As I lay in bed in the early morning, three-quarters asleep, the sound of these bells mingled with my dreams, and I fancied that I was back again in India in my soldiering days, and that the bells were temple-bells ringing at dawn.



THE SEMAPHORE IN PLACE OF THE POLICEMAN'S RIGHT ARM: A NEW TRAFFIC-DIRECTING DEVICE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The device here shown has already been pronounced a success. The policeman on traffic-duty raises and lowers the arms as necessary, by means of the handles shown. The word "closed" can, of course, be read for a good distance, and, anyway, the sight of the raised signal is sufficient to stop drivers.

Photograph by Jones.



THE HOMECOMING OF THE HON. ALEXANDER SHAW AND HIS BRIDE: THE HOUSE-PARTY AT CRAIGMYLE HOUSE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

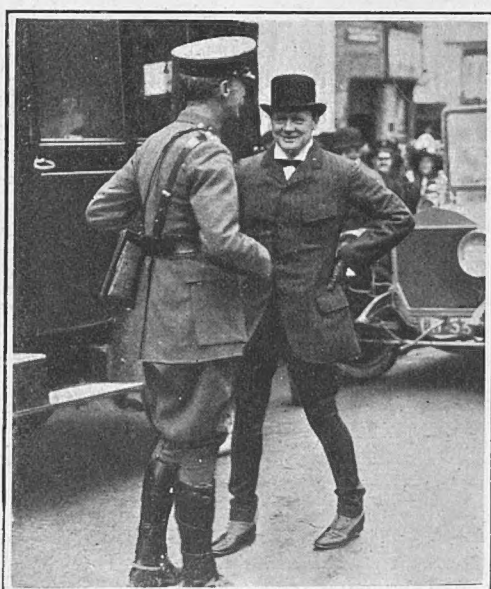
From left to right are Lord Shaw of Dunfermline; the Hon. Isabel Shaw; Miss Carlisle; Lady Suarez; Lady Shaw; Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt.; Lady Dewar; and Lady Pirrie. Sitting are the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Shaw.—[Photograph by Dawson.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. S. MURE FERGUSON—FOR WINNING THE KING WILLIAM IV. MEDAL AT ST. ANDREWS FOR THE SEVENTH TIME.

At the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews the veteran golfer, Mr. S. Mure Fergusson, who is fifty-eight, performed the remarkable feat of winning the King William IV. Medal, for the seventh time, with a score of 76. Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., the new Captain of the Club, played himself into office in the traditional manner by driving the first ball and thus formally winning the Queen Adelaide Medal.—Mr. Winston Churchill aroused the virtuous



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—FOR LOOKING QUITE HAPPY IN "AN INIQUITOUS CONGLOMERATION OF UNSUITABLE CLOTHING."

indignation of "Men's Wear," the organ of the clothing trade, by his "get-up" at Buckingham during the Army Exercise. The sartorial purist, after describing the costume, writes: "To complete this extraordinary rig-out the right hon. gentleman thought it a fit and proper thing to put on a pair of button boots. These boots are the worst iniquity in an iniquitous conglomeration of unsuitable clothing; they positively make one shudder!"—[Photographs by Sport and General and Topical.]



MR. H. W. FORSTER, M.P.—FOR BECOMING THE NEW CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB AT ST. ANDREWS.



MISS NORAH EDWARDES—FOR BECOMING AN OWNER ON HER OWN AND TAKING OUT HER RACING COLOURS.

“ C’EST CHIC ”—BIEN CHIC ! LA PERLE NOIRE.



THE BLACK PEARL OF THE MIDDLESEX REVUE : Mlle. SERRANA.

Pearls are very much to the fore just now : we have the mystery of the Pearl Necklace, the “ Pearl Girl ” at the Shaftesbury, and a Pearl Ballet in “ C’est Chic,” at the Middlesex Music Hall. In this ballet, Mlle. Serrana is the “ Black Pearl.” She

is here seen in her stage costume. She dances both behind and before the footlights ; in the latter case, on a flower-edged platform passing the front of the stalls. “ C’est Chic ” is, of course, the new French revue which succeeded “ J’Adore Ça ”

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



BURGLARY AND AN AIRSHIP DISASTER: THE NEW DRURY LANE THRILLS.

Sealed Orders. When I received my sealed orders from *The Sketch* to "do" Drury Lane, I felt quite pleased, for I had missed the first night of "Sealed Orders," owing to my inability to be in two places at once; and I hate missing a Drury Lane drama—I never do—and I hate asking for tickets, and, oh! I hate still more paying for them. Of course, the autumn drama is not regarded by the dramatic critic as a very serious affair, and, indeed, is not entitled to nicer critical examination than the autumn drama at His Majesty's. From the point of view of art, I should certainly put "Sealed Orders" above "Joseph and His Brethren," whilst as an entertainment there is no possible comparison. No doubt the love-interest at the Lane has grown a trifle jejune; indeed, I am not quite sure what it was in "Sealed Orders," or who ought to be regarded as the hero; but this really does not matter in the least. What I enjoyed most was the burglary at the Hatton Garden jeweller's—quite a practical, even if a kid-glove affair. How the "cracksman" must execrate the inventors of the finger-print system! The whole affair was worked out very impressively: one almost felt inclined to ask whether the theatres teach the burglars, or the burglars the theatres—and I looked at the end of the programme, vainly, for the name of the artist in crime who produced this scene. The police, also, are getting really up to date. The way in which the Inspector succeeded in detecting the presence of a volatile poison in the dregs of sherry, merely by putting it to his inspectorial nose, was wonderful. By-the-bye, there are so many excellent performances that I can't mention all, but would like to express my admiration of Mr. Bryan Powley's able picture of the old Jew diamond-broker.

The Lane as a Moral Agency. Drury Lane drama serves more than one purpose. For instance, it may do a lot of good by exposing to tens of thousands the humbug of the fortune-teller, fashionable or unfashionable. Even the greatest fool when watching Mr. Cagliostro, and seeing how it is done, may learn wisdom and save his guinea or shilling. Moreover, there is an awful flash of light on the Beauty Specialist and her methods, when Mrs. O'Mara remarks that fresh air and rain are ruinous to the complexion. It may be also, that the story of the sealed packet will inspire caution in those entrusted with important messages, whilst the hit against festivities on battle-ships should be useful. What a wonderful and startling effect was the lighting of the ship, and the surprising built-up scene of H.M.S. *Valiant*. Lots of Londoners, and county folk, too, have never seen

a sale at Christie's—home of a thousand little dramas—and will be fascinated by the vivid representation of the most famous auction-room of the world, except, perhaps, the Hotel Druot. What materials the firm must possess for a book that might be called "Memoirs of Christie's," and would, if indiscreetly written, have a gigantic sale. When I was a boy, Drury Lane thought no little of itself if it presented a real hansom or a real fire-engine; but things move so fast that even the manoeuvres of two motor-cars at a time on the stage hardly startled us: we were quite thrilled, however, by the very neat way in which the villains' chauffeur was "nobbled." What a clever picture there was, too, of the house in Dean Street, Mayfair, set in half-profile fashion! And as for morals, think of the warning against gambling, and underpaying over-faithful servants.



"I DON'T BELIEVE ACTORS WERE MADE FOR THIS SORT OF THING!": THE BURGLARY SCENE IN "SEALED ORDERS."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Up in a Balloon, Boys.

After all, the air-ship is the big draw, and seems to me to beat the record of Drury Lane. We see its balloon—ballonnet, I think, is more correct—huge above the car, swaying and trembling as if conscious of its peril; and the car rising stately with its human freight. The propellers whiz round furiously, then comes a forward movement of the huge apparatus; the clouds scud by to indicate flight; the search-lights play on it; we watch the desperate efforts of the villains to hurl one another over the edge, and the bursting of the shell, and then see the ballonnet shrivelling up like the "dying pigs" of the curb-merchants, and watch the car drop and drop, carrying in it the shrieking heroine: then darkness, while Mr. "Jimmy" Glover and his strenuous band play pandemonium to an accompaniment of yells and applause from the vast audience. And one may well ask with the Scots admirer of Norval: "Where's your Wully Shakespeare noo?" As for the drama—well, it has plenty of incident and some effective comic relief, chiefly in the clever hands of Mr. Hale Hamilton and the irresistible Fanny Brough. The love-scenes are brightly rendered by Mr. Langhorne Burton—a manly, vigorous young actor. And what a crop of villains! The chief is the gambler, thief, spy, well rendered by Mr. C. M. Hallard; and really able help is given by Mr. Clifton Alderson and Mr. E. W. Royce, also Mr. E. H. Kelly, the last-named quite funny as a half-hearted scoundrel of the comic Jew type dear to the Lane—on the stage. Virtue, of course, has its sufferings, mainly in the person of Mr. Edward Sass (a bluff, trustful admiral) and his wife—at least, she hardly represents virtue, except from one narrow point of view: Miss Madge Fabian played her very pathetically.

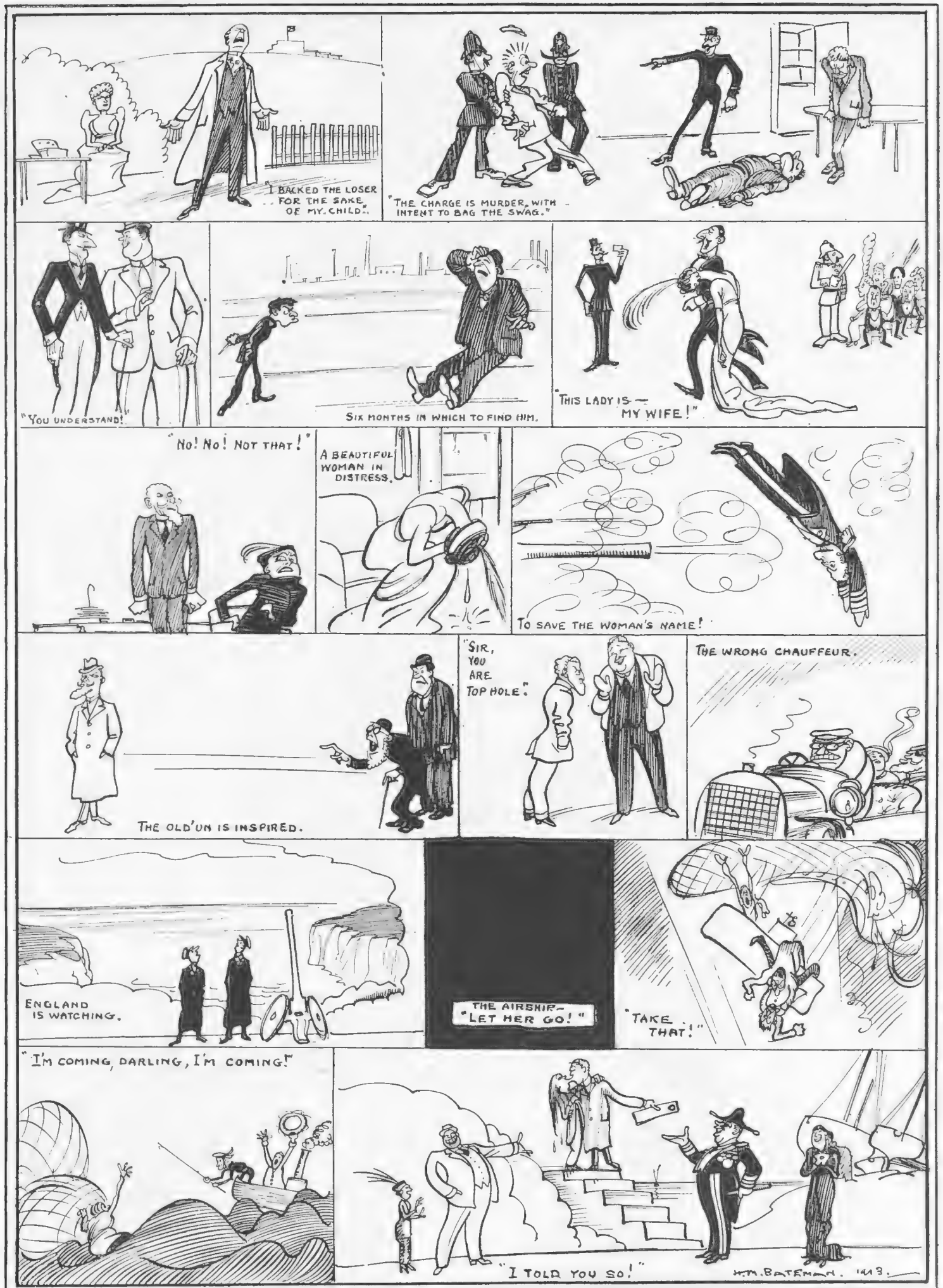


"CHRISTIE'S AUCTION-ROOMS," IN "SEALED ORDERS": "NOW'S THE TIME FOR A LITTLE INFAMY; NOT A SOUL ABOUT!"

On the right are Mr. C. M. Hallard as Gaston Fournal, and Mr. Julian Royce as Baron Kurdmann.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "SEALED ORDERS."



DRURY LANE'S LATEST: INCIDENTS OF THE DRAMA—AND "LINES"—CARICATURED.

"Sealed Orders" promises to provide Drury Lane with one of its greatest successes.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



EARL SPENCER.

ALTHORP HOUSE can dine three hundred guests with ease ; it can also, with a less ease but more delight, entertain the King and Queen. It takes its three hundred guests with perfect lightness of heart ; the King and Queen it entertains with an extraordinary perfection and elaboration of loyal ritual. The characteristics that made Lord Spencer the only possible Lord Chamberlain (so long as he cared to keep his post) make him a model among hosts.

The Cap of Privilege.

His ways have always been those of courtliness ; by habit and circumstance, since his birth in

Spencer House fifty-six years ago, he has been concerned with the formalities of his own life and the lives of other people. At Harrow, if the Latin poets ever bored him, he had the consolation of a rigorous etiquette ; at Cambridge he was an active member of the Amateur Dramatic Club, but enjoyed, more than the entire stock of the green-room, the gold-tasselled cap it was his privilege to wear, as being of noble birth. The interest it had for him was half-pathetic, for talk of its abolition was already in the air in his Trinity College days. He was one of the last to wear it, and one of the last to take his degree without examination. He has been inclined, like the king of the little nursery history-books, to tell the waves—the waves of democracy—to keep their proper distance ; but he has done so as a matter of form rather than with faith. The strictness of his Censorship of Plays is a case in point. He knew that the howling mob of playwrights was against him, and would gain its end. But he said it nay as long as he was in office. A tick of his blue pencil was law ; despite the Liberalism that is supposed to be in him, he loved that autocratic weapon.

"Bobby" Spencer
and "Charlie"
Brookfield.

He was the last of the Censors—the last, at

least, of effective Censors. The actual blue-pencilling is the work, it may be argued, of the Reader to the Lord Chamberlain's office, not of the Lord Chamberlain himself. But it is the big man at the head who counts. He counted for so much that an old Trinity College friend of his, Mr. Brookfield, was appointed Reader, and was, naturally enough, well aware of the class of decisions that would be supported through thick and thin by his Chief. He counted for so much that petitions were signed right and left against his authority, and when, eighteen months ago, he resigned, it was known that the heat of the argument was at an end—that the petitioners had things more or less in their own hands.

Re Collars.

His most famous speech in the House was one in which he declared that he was not an agricultural labourer. The delicate physique, the refined voice,

the careful clothes, made the repudiation of any irksome connection with the soil particularly pleasing. "I once plucked a rose," he might have continued, "but finding the operation to be one of some danger to the fingers, I have not repeated it." His clothes were the wonder of the House, which before his advent had prided itself on the discovery that a certain negligence of costume was more distinguished than the punctilious frock-coat. The height and whiteness of "Bobby" Spencer's collars set a new standard. He could have afforded, much better than a poorer man, to wear an old coat. But instead he—a Liberal, mind you!—put the untidy dukes and their followers to shame.

The Red Earl.
In the Irish Question

Lord Spencer takes a peculiar interest, for to him often fell the task of reporting and explaining to Queen Victoria the action of the mob and the counter-action of the "Red Earl" (his half-brother and predecessor in Dublin). When the "Red Earl" first went to Ireland the sobriquet was his only in friendly allusion to his bushy and ruddy beard ; but it came, for the Nationalists, to signify what they considered to be a "cruel, narrow, and dogged nature." His first action in Ireland had been to release forty political prisoners : within a few months he heartily wished them in confinement again. The Phoenix Park murders, perpetrated within full sight of his windows, followed ; but it was he, according to the native reading of events which afterwards occurred, and not the murderers, who "delighted in blood." That he subsequently became a Home Ruler was, to his thinking, the only logical step for a man who knew anything of the futility of coercion. In outward traits, no less than in the soundness of his judgment, he and the present Peer were much alike. The late Earl's habit of going all his London errands, whether of the Court or of business, on horseback finds a counterpart in more than one custom strictly observed by King George's host.

The Courtier.
At Althorp, even if there

is now no "Spencer's Fairy Queen" to receive their Majesties, there is a daughter who makes a charming and accomplished hostess. The library, in which Gibbon "ex-

hausted a whole morning in company with the noble owner among the first editions of Cicero"—and probably exhausted the noble owner into the bargain—is no more ; the deer can no longer be fed from the windows. But the pictures are there ; Lord Spencer is there ; the atmosphere of learned loyalty is there ; and it needed nothing but the presence of the King and Queen themselves to complete a scheme of things dear to the heart of a very real courtier. During the memorable days of their Majesties' visit last week Althorp Park and its courtly owner were entirely in their element.



EARL SPENCER.

Charles Robert Spencer, P.C., G.C.V.O., sixth Earl Spencer of a creation dating from 1765, was born on October 30, 1857, and succeeded in 1910. For some time he was a Liberal Whip ; and he has been Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, Vice-Chamberlain to the Household, and Lord Chamberlain. In 1887, he married the Hon. Margaret Baring, daughter of the first Baron Revelstoke. He is a widower. His children are six—three sons and three daughters.—[Photograph by Illingworth.]

NINE GUNS; 1421½ BRACE: RECORD-MAKERS; AND OTHERS.



1. MR. LEWIS HARCOURT'S PARTRIDGE SHOOT AT STANTON HARCOURT, NEAR OXFORD: THE LUNCHEON-PARTY.

3. MR. LEWIS HARCOURT; MRS. HARCOURT; AND SIR EDWARD GREY.

5. CAPTAIN THE HON. GUY WILSON, BROTHER OF LORD NUNBURNHOLME; AND THE DOWAGER LADY NUNBURNHOLME.

In group No. 1 are (standing, from left to right) Captain the Hon. Guy Wilson; Captain Duff; Mr. Walter Burns; Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Mr. Lewis Harcourt; and the Hon. John Ward; (seated) Mrs. Wilfred Sheridan; Mrs. J. A. Pease; the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme; Mrs. Harcourt; and Mr. J. A. Pease; (in front) Mr. Wilfred Sheridan. In the Group No. 6 are (from left to right) the Earl of Darnley; Mr. R. H. R. Rimington-Wilson, owner of the moors; Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bt.; the Earl of Westmorland; Captain the Hon. J. Dawnay; Lord Savile; Viscount Lewisham; Mr. W. Barry; and the Earl of Powis. The bag of 1421½ brace is a world's record for nine guns in a day's shoot. A correspondent writes: "The same party did nearly

2. THE HON. JOHN WARD, BROTHER OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

4. MR. WALTER BURNS, BROTHER OF MRS. HARCOURT; MRS. HARCOURT; AND THE DOWAGER LADY NUNBURNHOLME.

6. MAKERS OF THE RECORD BAG OF 1421½ BRACE FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING: THE NINE GUNS.

as well later on in the week. I saw the shooting from Rimington-Wilson's butt, and witnessed the sight of seeing three dead birds all in the air at once, shot by Mr. Wilson, who, I was told by the 'Sheffield Telegraph's' representative, had done even better on a previous shoot, when the wonderful sight of fine shooting was seen of four dead birds all in the air at once, from Mr. Wilson's guns. He is considered an equal shot to all the other famous shots shown in the photograph, and each gun averaged over 102 brace in the first drive. The birds were shot in six drives before lunch, and seven drives afterwards. All the birds were moor-bred, and strong on the wing." All the photographs except No. 6 illustrate Mr. Lewis Harcourt's shoot.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE news of the betrothal of the Grand Duchess Olga and Prince Charles of Roumania might, but for the turmoil in the Near East, have been announced some little time ago. The Tsar's daughter is still two years short of twenty, and delightfully girlish for her age; but, for all that, her training is perfected. Her army of tutors can teach her no more; she is "finished." And her training has included more than an international army of teachers could provide, for there was, besides, the constant companionship of devoted parents. Her head tutor has been the Tsar, her governess-in-chief the Tsaritsa. Not infrequently her father used to give audience to his Ministers in the nursery. And an Emperor's audience, she found, was often more lively and no less instructive than lessons.



DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. MASSY-BERESFORD: MISS MONICA MASSY-BERESFORD.

Miss Massy-Beresford's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Massy-Beresford, of St. Hubert's, Belturbet, Co. Fermanagh, is a daughter of the first Lord Dunleath, and sister of the present Baron. Her father, Mr. J. G. B. Massy-Beresford, is related to Lord Massy.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

graceful figure catches the eye in any of the collections of little photographs that were once found in all English drawing-rooms. The young Russian Princess is graceful in exactly the same way; she is never stiff after the fashion of so many of the royal ladies whose deportment, although exemplary from the photographer's point of view, and in perfect accord with the more rigid conventions of the Victorian Court, lacked the beauty of ease.

A Mother's Example.

Moreover, the descent of the young Grand Duchess Olga from the Lady of the Photographs is easily traced by way of her mother, for the Tsaritsa is no less charming. She figures largely, as an infant with a deep dimple in one cheek, in the family letters of Queen Victoria. "Sunny in pink was immensely admired," writes Princess Alice soon after the little girl had earned that nickname by an habitual smile. She grew to be, like the lady of Barrie's last play, a woman of many parts—a linguist, a caricaturist, a singer, an Empress, and a mother. There is quite a Barrie-like touch about the tale of her betrothing. The Tsarevitch (as he then was) approached her, according to the story, with "My father, who is Emperor, has commanded me to offer you my hand and my heart." To which the young lady answered, "My grandmother, who is Queen of England, has commanded me to accept your hand; as for your heart, I accept it myself." It will be difficult for the most intelligent of daughters to acquit herself better than that.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GEORGE R. PAINTON: MISS AILEEN MONA EVEN.

Miss Even is the daughter of Colonel George Even and Mrs. Even, of Colchester. Captain Painton is attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Album Lineage. The pedigree of the Tsar's daughter on her mother's side can be traced through the photographic albums. Her grandmother, Princess Alice, is the belle of the *carte-de-visite*; her



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD KNOLLYS: THE HON. MRS. ALLAN MACKENZIE.

Mrs. Allan Mackenzie was formerly known as the Hon. Alexandra Louvima Elizabeth Knollys. She was married in 1911. Her husband, Mr. Allan Keith Mackenzie, is the son of the late Sir Allan Russell Mackenzie, and heir-presumptive to the baronetcy. He is a brother of Lady Kilmarnock.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

"F. E." to the Rescue.

the Government is not to give "copy" to Suffrage papers by any *extempore* scolding or expostulation. Silence is the wiser course at moments of agitation, and even a shaking does not jostle the words out of a resolute Liberal. Mr. "Freddie" Smith, however, does not stand dumb: when tackled not long ago on the question of Votes for Women, he answered: "England may be going to the dogs, but it jolly well shan't go to the cats." There is a certain crudity about the retort that suggests that he had not been in consultation with his friend Winston before pronouncing it: but in sentiment, at any rate, it probably voices the feeling of the inarticulate First Lord.

Rider and the Rest.

Captain Mark Haggard, whose marriage with Miss Edwards Vaughan takes place on Oct. 15, bears a name of many honourable associations. The vast fame of "King Solomon's Mines" probably obscures the family's lesser achievements from the casual observer, but in soldiering and the Consular Service its record is one both of zeal and success. Nor will lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson let their thoughts rest only on the Rider of the group. When "R. L. S." writes from Vailima, "For Haggard I have a genuine affection; he is a lovable man," he alludes, not to the novelist, but to his brother. And Miss Edwards Vaughan knows that the adjective can be applied still farther afield.



WIFE OF LORD DUNLEATH'S HEIR: LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND.

Lady Joan Mulholland is the wife of the Hon. Andrew Mulholland, eldest son and heir of Lord Dunleath. She is a daughter of the Earl of Strathford, and was formerly known as Lady Joan Byng. Her marriage took place last June.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

North, having washed her hands at Carlisle Station, left her five rings in the lavatory. She wired, telephoned, wrote; but the rings were gone. Some months later she saw an advertisement stating that six rings had been found in the lavatory at Preston. "My rings were only five, and I lost them at Carlisle, three months ago," she wrote to the advertiser, "but I send you a description on the chance." The five rings proved to be hers; the sixth belonged to a careless appropriator who exerted no effort to make good the loss.



TO MARRY MR. JOHN EDWARD HANCE ON OCTOBER 7: MISS SYBIL KATHLEEN JENKINS.

Miss Jenkins, of The Cottage, Ballinger, Great Missenden, is the niece of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Lewis, of 74, Hamilton Terrace. Mr. Hance is in the Indian Civil Service.

Photograph by Pragnell.

Lost and Found. For the roundabout recovery of Mr. Max Mayer's pearls there are many precedents in police annals. When a thoughtful thief must needs lose his booty he probably does it in a complicated way. But sometimes a thief, like other people, is forgetful. Once a lady, going

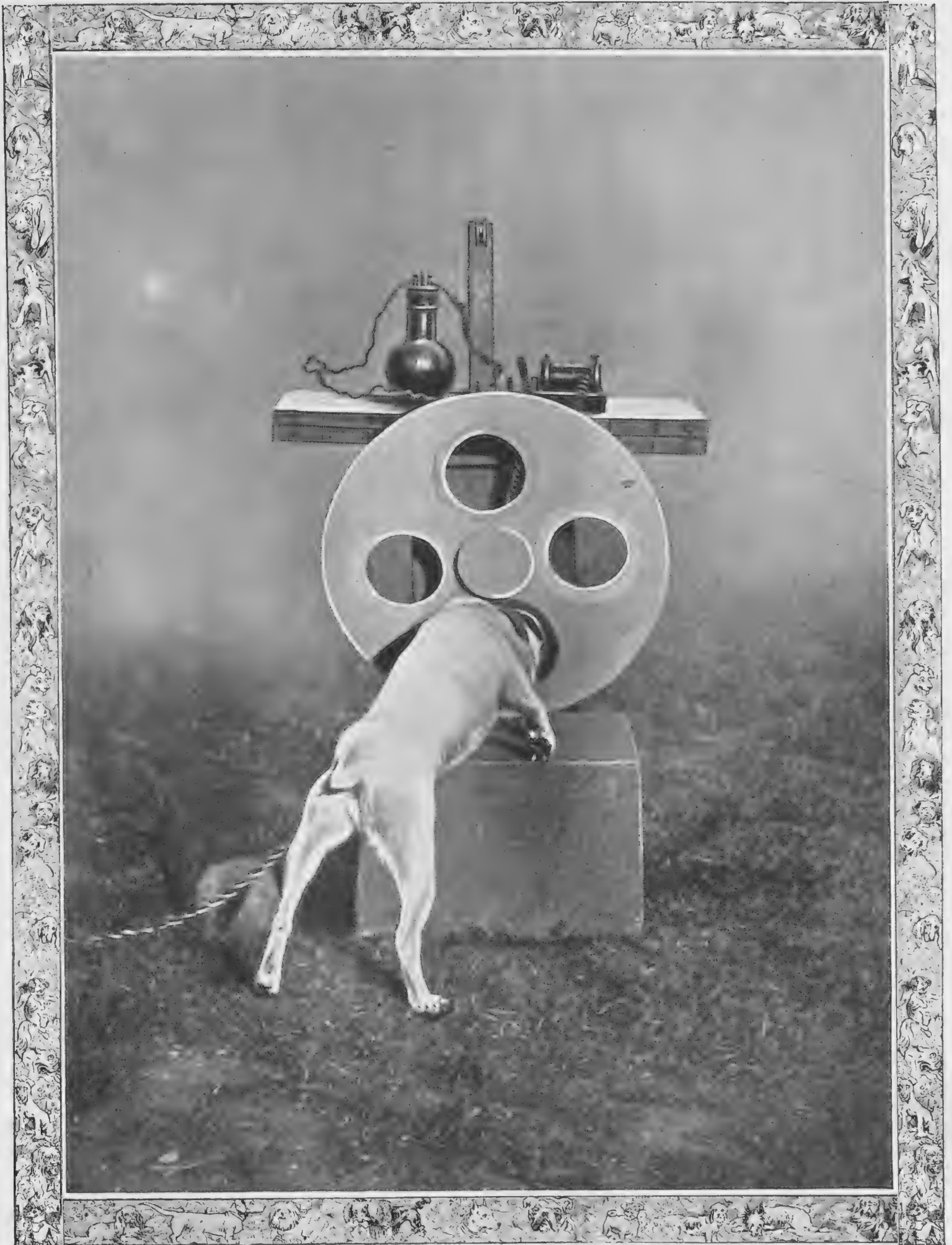


ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DARNLEY: LADY DOROTHY BLIGH.

Lady Dorothy Violet Bligh was born in 1893. She has two brothers—Lord Clifton of Rathmore and the Hon. Noel Bligh. Her father is a Representative Peer of Ireland.

Photograph by Barnett.

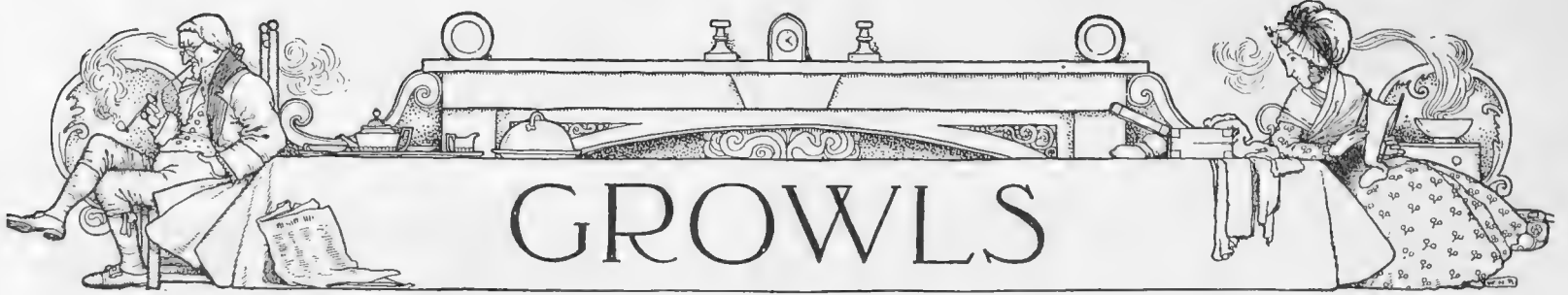
SHOCKING—BUT NOT THE EXECUTION OF A DOG! A TEST.



TRAINING A DOG'S MEMORY: THE ANIMAL PUTTING HIS HEAD THROUGH A HOLE WITH A RED RIM
AND THUS SHOWING THAT HE HAS LEARNT HIS LESSON.

This photograph does not represent some ingenious method of executing a dog! It shows a canine friend of man having his powers of memory tested. The dog learns that when he puts his head through that hole in the disc which has a red rim to it he is given some of his favourite food. Then, his education in this matter having been completed, he is brought to the disc at various times to see how often he

remembers through which hole to put his head, and how often he makes a mistake. Each time he puts his head through a wrong hole he receives a very slight electrical shock, warning him of his mistake, and also registering the mistake. The disc is, of course, turned from time to time, so that the position of the hole with the red rim round it is altered. Thus is the dog's memory cultivated.



THE STAND-OFFISHNESS OF STATESMEN: THE BEAUTIES OF BRYANISM.

HOW much longer, I wonder, do we propose to allow ourselves to be beaten in all the important branches of life by the American and to go trailing tamely several miles behind in his wake? In asking this fateful question I am not alluding in any way to the reverse suffered by my country in the Golf Championship. I refer especially to a reform inaugurated in the great Republic across the Atlantic which, as we have lacked the enterprise and forethought to take the initiative, we should do well to emulate without delay. It has been duly chronicled in the Press that Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the Secretary of State in the United States, has, partly with a view to the augmentation of his personal exchequer, and partly with a desire to extend more widely the benefits of civilisation to his fellow-countrymen, undertaken a tour of the music-halls of his native land and has delivered addresses to colossal audiences. Individuals with attenuated intelligences have no doubt made mock of this patriotic proceeding and have said taunting and slighting things of his association with prestidigitateurs, acrobats, and histrionically gifted seals, but such unworthy trifling may be contemptuously swept aside to make way for a whole-hearted admiration of an innovation which must appeal to every reflective soul; and in putting it forward as an experiment worthy of our adoption, I trust that no one will dare to suggest that it would be beneath our dignity to take advantage of a noble example bravely set. If we have not of ourselves the ingenuity to devise schemes for our own betterment, the least we can do is to learn a lesson from those who think out the great problems of statecraft with a greater clarity than we can claim to possess.

Our Unsatisfactory Condition. One of the outstanding features of the public life of this country to-day is the deplorably small amount of interest taken in politics, and this apathy is mainly to be accredited to the little we know and see of our public men.



ABNORMAL GROWTH: A REMARKABLE LILIUM HENRYI WITH 286 BLOSSOMS.

The first example of Liliun Henryi was introduced into Europe in 1889 and placed in the Botanical Gardens at Kew. It was discovered by Dr. Henry, near Ichang. The remarkable

[Continued opposite.

There is no surer indication of the attention paid to things public than the extent to which men of political light and leading are subjected to caricature. Twenty years ago the profiles of at least half a hundred of Front Benchers were sufficiently well known to the Man in the Street to justify the caricaturist in indulging in his gifts of travesty, but to-day one can count upon the fingers of one's hands the visages which could be recognised even in a photograph, and the ill-starred caricaturist is at his wits' end to find occupation for his pen. It may well be that our modern statesmen are so constituted that they shrink violet-like from the gaze of men and are inspired by a holy horror of publicity, but the fact remains that their personal appearances are completely unfamiliar to us. They may fondly imagine that if we experience

any ambition to see them we may attend their meetings or even pay a visit to one or other of the Houses of Parliament. But this is asking too much of us, and the historic precedent of Mahomet and the mountain must be followed. No British citizen in his sober senses would ever dream of attending a political gathering, and it would be difficult to convince him that there were not more enlivening methods of consuming his spare moments than the devotion of an hour or so to the Gallery of the House of Commons. No, if the listlessness of the community is to be dispelled, and if there is to be a reawakening of the soul in the British Public, the leaders of the various parties must throw off their mantle of aloofness, must step down from their pedestals and come amongst us and tell us frankly in congenial surroundings and in attractive wise of their aims and aspirations. And what venue more convenient and appropriate than our great Variety houses?

What Should Happen.

It is shocking, when one comes to think of it, that we should form and air opinions upon the characters of these great men without having something substantial upon which to base our judgment. Our vilifications and our laudations are equally ill-considered and are largely derived from a cursory contemplation of the columns of Party papers. Could we but listen to a short "turn" from one we have abused we might find reason to revise our views, while the display made upon the "joy-plank"

by him for whom we have cast our vote might cause us to think twice about supporting him again. It would be difficult to discover an atmosphere in which the intelligence is more keenly alive, more closely critical, and more anxiously receptive than that of a music-hall; and faced by the rival claims upon our applause put forward by lions comiques and equilibrists, our statesmen would be put upon their mettle and would be spurred on to efforts of oratory and argumentation unknown to them in the unexciting surroundings of packed political accord. I am astounded that we should have had to wait all these years for a consummation so devoutly to be wished, but I feel confident that, now that the potentialities of reform have been mooted, the energetic managements of our Halls will see to it that there shall be no further delay, but will at once make advances to our political leaders with a view to lucrative engagements. With the Empire and the Alhambra rest the destinies of our country; on the Hippodrome and the Coliseum must we rely for the great awakening for which we all pray; and a statue may yet be erected to Mr. Oscar Hammerstein in recognition of his gift to us of a Variety house large enough to contain the thunderous notes of perfervid political propaganda. Thus and thus only will our Imperial prestige take a "turn" for the better.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



ABNORMAL GROWTH: A REMARKABLE LILIUM HENRYI WITH 286 BLOSSOMS.

[Continued.] specimen illustrated on this page is, roughly, 66 inches in height, over an inch thick at the base, and about 5 1/2 inches thick at the top. It bears 286 flowers.

ANOTHER BATHING FATALITY.



THE LANDLADY (at the bathroom door, to lodger within): Oh, Mr. Green, I forgot to tell you: the bath has just been painted, and won't be dry for two or three days.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



THE "BOARDS"—AND THE NAILS IN THEM.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

GENIUSES ought to be orphaned soon after birth, likewise all artists. Parents are very bad for Art. They either overlaud the future artist, or they overload him with the dead weight of their worldly wisdom. You may have read in the papers how little Mlle. Rachel Bérendt, the French actress who played Phèdre at the New Theatre last Tuesday, ran away from under the parental roof on to the boards. This is not—in France at least—an isolated case; in fact, I do not know of any French actor and actress among my friends who went on the stage with the approval and help of their parents, and it is easier for the proud young artist to laugh at the Philistine than at the financier. I suppose it is all very natural. By the time normal optimistic human beings have become the parents of youths and maidens of twenty, they have generally lost faith in Art—which, if it does not make the world go round, at least helps to make it worth while going round. All parents desire their children to become respectable citizens—French parents are not sure that to be an artist is quite respectable. And I am not quite sure that there is not behind their unthinking prejudice an unshaped and unrecognised noble ideal—that talent, no more than beauty, ought to be sold.

Everyone knows how different the status of actors and actresses is in England from what it is in France. Some still believe that the Church's ban against play-acting, the excommunication that was the punishment of every actor in olden times, is the principal, though shadowy, cause of the disrepute under which actors and—especially—actresses suffer even now. But religion has a very small share in this social ostracism—as, indeed, in most other questions in the now free-thinking France. The real reason is that the stage, of all professions, is the one in which talent is least necessary, and honourable independence almost fatal. The number is incredibly high of actresses—or *actresses*, as Paris sarcastically calls them—who buy their parts; that is to say, who pay to be allowed to show themselves, their frocks and their jewels, on the stage of some theatre or other—especially the other!

It is extremely difficult in Paris for a young actress to remain self-reliant, proud, pure, and principled; if she succeeds in this, she is not merely a "good girl," nor the "straight sort," nor a "lady"—she is neither more nor less than a saint! The temptation she has to fight is a hundred times more powerful, more vigilant, more ruthless than for women in other positions. It is a fateful Hydra—and a pretty girl is not a Hercules! Parents generally become reconciled to the profession chosen by the prodigal son or daughter when, and if, that profession has been the means of attaining wealth and fame; but it is at the beginning that their moral encouragement, sympathy, and financial support are needed—and seldom proffered. Indeed, that is a point upon which parents of the *bourgeoisie* and of the aristocracy might well learn from their *concierges*, who bring up their daughters wisely,

if not too well. An immense number of successful actresses, singers, dancers, and musicians were born in porters' *loges*. They very quickly forget it, however—and, if clever enough, make the world forget it too!

Theatre-directors may or may not be artists, but they are business men. They want actresses who will bring to the theatre every night hosts of admiring friends, actresses popular because of their appearance, or wealth, or celebrity (of any sort)—talent is no objection, and a few of them have talent. Life has some of those coincidences!

Once—this is a true story—a good-looking young woman called on a Parisian theatre-manager to obtain a part in a coming revue. She got the part—a very small one—and that only after much adroit and artful persistency. "Pretty girls are plentiful in Paris," said the manager; "and they are not the biggest draw either!" Some days after, the same lady, going to rehearsal, and the same manager happened to enter the theatre at the same time. The lady, smothered in sumptuous sables, was stepping out of a gorgeous motor-car, with the assistance of a menial in magnificent livery. Said the manager to the lady, "Is that thine own automobile, *ma petite*?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Why didst thou not tell me so before, my dear child? I would have given thee the part of the *Commère*!"

The second person of the singular, mostly used among stage artists, and the daily promiscuity with people of all classes and reputations are two very strong—and, I think, legitimate—

objections for the parents of the would-be actress.

The many heads of the Hydra-temptation have each a name—fame, frocks, jewels, a good part, a long engagement, a beautiful house of one's own in a *chic quartier*, motor-cars, and a *chef*. One may become a well-known actress through one's talent, but through

being a *femme à la mode* is the quickest way. Tradespeople are the strongest tempters. A little actress goes to a great *couturier*, perhaps to accompany a more wealthy *camarade*, perhaps to order one frock. "Now, this ermine cloak is just the thing for Madame, and this *vieux-rose* tea-gown, is it not delicious?" In vain the girl says she cannot afford such clothes. "Never mind, the house will make special prices for her—artist prices; she will have plenty of time to pay them, when Madame wishes, in six months, in a year; the house will wait, the house knows Madame will become a *cliente*!" And Madame does, and a "friend" pays the bills.

I was sitting one evening at the theatre next to a young actress friend of mine, very pretty, and still—poor. She wore some magnificent pearls around her neck. A *camarade* of hers (one born in the porter's *loge*) came up to

her—"Bon soir, my dear. Oh, what pearls! Are they real?"

"Of course not," said my little friend, blushing. "Poor me, with six hundred francs a month! You did not think they were genuine, did you?"

"But yes, I did, naturally—a pretty girl like you!"



A SHIN AND CALF GUARD FOR WEARERS OF THE SLIT SKIRT! A "GAITER" OF NETWORK AND SHINING STONES!

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THIS METHOD BECAME GENERAL IN MUSIC-HALLS AND SO ON? RUBBER-STAMPING A SIGN WHICH SERVES AS A PASS-OUT CHECK ON A WOMAN'S WRIST—AT A HORSE SHOW IN IRELAND.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A FOURSOME.



OLD BROWN (whose imagination has been fired by illustrations of rhythmic gymnastics in "The Sketch") at last succeeds in "realising" a Wagner opera in the privacy of his apartment.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



WIFE: How dare you come home at this time? You promised to come straight home from the club!

THE WEAKER VESSEL: Sho' I did, m'dearsh—came home like lightningsh!

WIFE: Yes—forked lightning!

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.



SHOPMAN: That your wife I'm attendin' to, Sir?

MILD INDIVIDUAL: Yes.

SHOPMAN (who has in vain tried on the biggest boot in the shop): Well, Sir, let her go home and put on thin stockings, then come back and we'll try on the box.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE REVELLER (returning homeward after a festive evening and stopping outside a costumer's window): Tha's a bit thick. The li'l missus's taken to comin' out in the street to find me now!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



RHODES BOSWELLISED: THE PERSONALITY OF A GREAT PIONEER.*

The Man Rhodes. Asked how he came to go adventuring in Africa, Cecil Rhodes was pleased to say often enough that he was driven there by eternal cold mutton. In less symbolic language, the placidity of home life in or near a country rectory bored him. He wanted the wider outlook. Always a man of big ideas, the wilds of the world and the far cities called to him. In both he was masterful, fully conscious of the might of his power, and thoroughly proud of it. And, of course, he was a mass of contradictions: who out of the ruck is not? He has been named hard. On appropriate occasion, he was. Witness his attitude when discussing a fight the police had had with the natives. "How many did you kill?" he asked. "Very few," came the reply, "as the natives threw down their arms, went on their knees, and begged for mercy." "Well," answered Rhodes, "you should not spare them. You should kill all you can, as it serves as a lesson to them when they talk things over at their fires at night. They count up the killed, and say, 'So-and-So is dead and So-and-So is no longer here,' and they begin to fear you." Yet none was kinder to natives than the Old Man. His secretaries knew that. Their "baas" would give freely of their clothes to any deserving case that came before him, black or white; and he was very generous in gifts of money. As to his own clothes, by the way, he was supremely indifferent—or the average man would think so. "Indifferent" is, however, possibly not the word. He clung to certain garments; of others he was intolerant. "When in dress-clothes, he invariably wore a black waistcoat, and as a rule displayed two or three inches of white shirt-front between the bottom of the waistcoat and top of the trousers." A favourite coat of his was sent to a tailor's to be cleaned and mended. The firm wrote to one of his "young men": "Dear Sir,—Herewith the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes's coat uncleared and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons." Yet he was fastidious to an unusual degree in some matters. On trek, he would shave regularly every morning, "and

letter often took him much longer than it should take the ordinary man, as it was all repetition. . . . When he wrote notes on letters himself, he was often very careless about spelling, addresses, and what not. Witness his spelling in his will, nearly all the names of his executors wrongly except, I believe, Beit."

The Outward Man. As to the outward man? He was tall and powerful-looking, "just under six feet in height, but longer in the back than in the legs. He had piercing light, steel-blue eyes and a wealth of curly locks which had turned grey in early life. In after-years he put on fat rapidly, and his face became florid and puffy . . . he weighed in 1897 just over fifteen stone. . . . He was left-handed, and . . . the little finger of his right hand was bent at the middle knuckle, so that he could not straighten it. He was very sensitive about that little finger." And so to many another Boswellian detail.

Policy; Diaries; and the End. His general policy was well summed up by his remark:

"The man who wrote 'It is possible for a new country to be connected by cable too soon with Downing Street,' knew well what he was saying." For the keeping of notes he had no use—probably for the same reason. "The Boers," records Mr. Le Sueur, "gained a lot of information from a diary kept by the Hon. R. ('Bobby') White, Jameson's secretary, which was found on the field; and Rhodes ever after had a horror of diaries and journals, and when he found me writing one up in 1897 he promptly destroyed it." His bump of caution was well developed—despite the apparent daring of certain of his actions. Not so his bump of location, which seems strange in one to whom maps—or, perhaps, primarily, the colour of maps—meant so much. "He had a dread of losing himself in the veldt, and would not go a quarter of a mile from the road by himself." For all that—need it be re-chronicled?—he chose the majestic loneliness of the Matoppos for the place of his last, long rest. It was while he was waiting (in 1896) for the Matabele to



NEAR MODERN PARIS! PUPILS OF MR. RAYMOND DUNCAN
ATTITUDINISING BY WAY OF GYMNASTICS.

Photograph by Delius.



SUGGESTING—BUT WE DARE NOT SAY EQUALLYING—THE ATTITUDES OF THE NYMPHS IN NIJINSKY'S "L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE":
PUPILS OF MR. RAYMOND DUNCAN EXERCISING AT MONTFERMEIL.

Photograph by Delius.

then solemnly walked off and buried the paper he had used to wipe the razor on."

Some Habits. He had almost innumerable other curious little habits. Like royalty, he seldom, if ever, carried money. "He wandered about the estate a good deal by himself; and when he felt disturbed, a favourite trick of his was to get on to a horse and ride off to the slopes of the mountain . . . and lie dreaming for hours under the shade of fir or silver-tree." Nothing so remarkable about that? Note a detail. "It was as well to follow these solitary rides of his, as he had a knack of carrying important letters or papers with him, and leaving them where he had dismounted to read them." "The dictation of a

surrender that he selected the site for his grave. He rode up the hill known as Malindi-N'zema, or "The Worship of the Departed Spirit." "He was much impressed with the wild grandeur. . . . The hill is not very far from where Umziligazi is buried. The founder of the Matabele nation is interred in a cave on the top of a kopje, and round the cave his wagons, etc., were buried. "I admire," said Rhodes, "the imagination of Umziligazi. There he lies, a conqueror alone, watching over the land he had won. When I die, I mean to be buried here."—Thus Mr. Le Sueur, with many things about weightier matters: we quote some of the lesser to show unfamiliar phases of a great Imperialist's character. None interested in Rhodes can afford to neglect a book so personal and so obviously written with inside knowledge of that masterful, yet kindly, pioneer, whose last words were: "So little done; so much to do."

* "Cecil Rhodes: The Man and His Work." By One of his Private and Confidential Secretaries, Gordon Le Sueur, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (John Murray; 12s. net.)

THE FORM YOU FIND THEM IN.



THE MISTRESS (to new Maid): By the way, Mary, I forgot to tell you we generally have breakfast at eight o'clock.
 THE NEW MAID: All right, Mum; if I ain't down to it, don't wait.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE COMING OF JIZO: A JAPANESE STORY.

By F. HADLAND DAVIS.

To those who cannot walk he stretches forth his strong
shakujo [sacred staff];
 And he pets the little ones, caresses them, takes them to his
 loving bosom.
 So graciously he takes pity on the infants.

—From the Japanese.

OKAZAKI, the curio-seller, sat asleep in his little shop—a grey, sombre figure with a nodding head. Children came and looked at him, smiled, and went away; but for the most part the dreaming of Okazaki seemed to cause no particular interest in the street. No one was surprised that this old man could not keep awake on a very hot summer afternoon, and even the dusty images of the gods about him had grown weary of waiting for prayers. They, too, seemed to doze in the sunshine, seemed to rock gently on their shelves.

Presently Kinumé ("Golden Plum-Flower") came down the street. She looked timidly at the seller of curios. After hesitating a moment, she stretched forth her little flower of a hand and said: "Be honourably pleased to wake up."

Okazaki opened his eyes. "Alas!" said he, "that an old man should dream away a summer day and keep a young lady waiting! But kindly take my many years into consideration and pardon the shortcomings of a very foolish old man."

"I wish to buy one of your gods," said Kinumé, peeping into one of her big silk sleeves.

The old man tottered to his feet. "You wish to buy? Dear me! I haven't sold anything for such a long time that you take me by surprise. You wish to purchase a god? What god? I have so many in my miserable establishment. Here is a lovely golden Buddha sitting on a lotus. See how he smiles, as if Nirvana were a smiling matter! Buy not Fudo or Emma-O, for they have such ugly faces and will but frighten you with their august hideousness. Should you love the sea, I have Isora, and if your honourable cooking be not to your husband's liking, then purchase this very fine image of Kojin. Personally, asking to be forgiven for expressing my unworthy opinion, I prefer the goddesses to the gods. See how many faces Kwannon has, and how many succouring arms. With such a number of eyes she can always see, and with such a profusion of ears she can always hear—ineestimable advantages when one considers that several of our deities are wayward and are inclined to be a little indifferent to human supplications. Here is radiant Bente, Goddess of Beauty—"

"Okazaki," said Kinumé, "I asked for a god, not a goddess."

"Ah, pardon me. The tongues of old men are apt to wag too freely. Had you not graciously interrupted me, I should have so far forgotten myself as to offer you this old Chinese tea-caddy, so rich in flowers and birds that it almost breathes forth a perfume and a sweet song."

"I want an image of Jizo."

"A very excellent choice, for is he not the most gentle and lovable of all the gods? He can cause the most excruciating toothache to cease, he can calm a troubled sea, and he can play with and protect the souls of little children."

Kinumé suddenly sat down on the matting and hid her face in her sleeves.

The old man looked distressed. "I fear I have talked too much. The shop is hotter than the place where *gaki* dwell. How your shoulders tremble, like the wings of a butterfly, and how pitifully you weep!"

The curio-seller took down a fan and commenced to sway it gently to and fro.

"I am well again," said Kinumé, looking up with a smile. "You touched my poor wounded heart just now, but you did not know. Okazaki, I have lost my little child, and I want to purchase an image of Jizo that I may pray to him, that I may ask him to be kind to my little son, Taro. What do you think he is doing now?"

Okazaki drew in his breath and with profound solemnity answered: "He is chasing a burnished dragon-fly."

"How do you know, old man?"

"I know because I know," replied Okazaki, blinking at the sunshine.

"If I only knew as you know," said Kinumé, "I should be happy."

"Ah," said the curio-seller gravely, "peace will come to your sad heart if you will pray to Jizo long enough. He is kind, he is good, and most assuredly does he play with the souls of children. Here is an image of him. Let me wipe away the dust. There! Is he not a divine father and mother in one?"

Kinumé took the figure in her hand, caressed it, and looked into the calm, smiling eyes. "Oh, Jizo," she said softly, "be very good to my little one!"

When Golden Plum-Flower had paid for the image, held it gently to her breast, and passed out of the shop and down the hot, dusty street, Okazaki said: "Surely a loving woman's heart is the sanctuary of the gods," and having uttered these words, he fell asleep.

As Kinumé walked home, choosing the shady side of the road lest the hot sun should give Jizo a headache, she chanced to pass the Tea-House of a Thousand Joys. She paused and looked at this gay building, gazed into it, for most of the sliding screens had been removed. In one apartment she saw a woman in a deep-blue kimono, radiant with silk-worked cherry-blossom, dancing before a small male audience, while geishas, nodding and smiling, played the *samisen*. When the dancing ceased there was a murmur of applause. One man caught the dancer's hand, caressed it, and looked eagerly into her laughing eyes. That man was Kinumé's husband. She knew the meaning of that touch; that look, but she only smiled, pressed the image of Jizo closer to her breast, and went on her way.

When Golden Plum-Flower reached home she made a little shrine for Jizo. She placed him so that when the *shoji* was drawn he could look out upon the garden, at the lake and bubbling cascade, at the paths of silver sand and the great clouds of blue hydrangeas. "You will be happy there," she said quietly, "looking out upon such a peaceful scene."

Presently she arranged flowers before the shrine and burnt incense. When the evening came she lit a lantern, and, when she had gazed for a long time at the smiling face of Jizo, she knelt down on the spotless matting with her head bowed, her forehead touching her extended hands. "Do you know what it is to lose an only child?" she murmured softly. "Do you know what it is to lose a husband's love? Oh, my heart is a-quiver with sorrow! The herons fly home in the evening across the purple sky. The stars watch their going, and the deep waters mirror their shadows. They go home, Jizo, home; but I have no home now, only a house where love has vanished. My husband and my child have gone, and it seems scarcely worth while to prolong my miserable life. Jizo, how fares it with my little one to-night? Has he fallen asleep in your arms? Did you sing to him? Did you tell him a story before his bright, wondering eyes closed? Oh, that I might come to the country where he is, to see him smile, to hear him laugh, Never-Slumbering-One, to know that all is well!"

Hanshiro, Kinumé's husband, crept into the room. "Rise, little one," he said gently.

Golden Plum-Flower rose to her feet, but pressed back the hand that would have caressed her arm. "No, no!" she exclaimed quickly. "Be pleased not to touch me." The colour rushed into her cheeks and her eyes filled with tears. "You were at the Tea-House of a Thousand Joys this afternoon. I saw you touch the dancing-girl, and the look in your eyes then was the look of a lover."

Hanshiro told his wife that she must have made a mistake; but there was something in the purity and infinite sadness of Kinumé that made lying useless. "It is true," he said presently, "perfectly true. She is called O-Kon ["Deep Blue"]. For days I have heard her voice calling. She has tapped at my heart, she has entered, and all my love is hers."

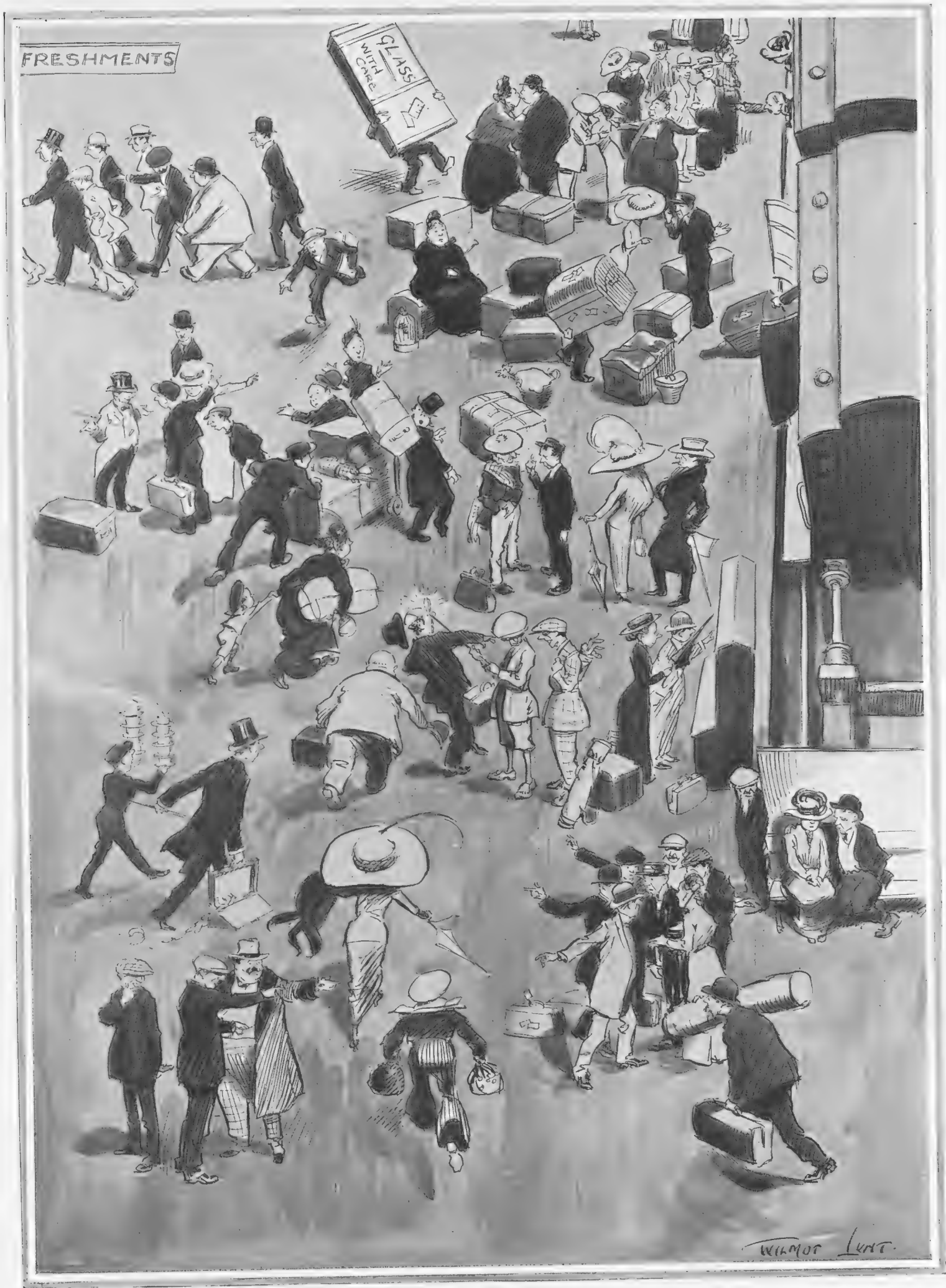
"And Taro, did you not remember him?"

"When I saw O-Kon-San I forgot everything else."

"Yes; you forgot everything else. Will you be honourably pleased to go away and never come back again? I do not ask where you will go—whom you will see; but know, husband of mine, that

Continued overleaf.

THE END OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON: PLATFORM MANNERS.



TRAVELLERS' JOY! A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A RAILWAY STATION WHEN EVERYBODY'S COMING HOME.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

my love will never change. I shall never forget, and in a little while it may be that I shall be able to forgive. *Sayonara.*"

"*Sayonara,*" replied Hanshiro. For a moment he felt sorry; for a moment he was prepared to blot out the deep-blue jewel of the Tea-House of a Thousand Joys. Suddenly he seemed to see O-Kon dancing, O-Kon looking close into his eyes. "*Sayonara,*" he murmured again, and, without looking back, he passed out of the house for all time.

When the middle of July came, Kinumé made preparations for the Festival of the Dead. It was with difficulty that she walked to the hillside cemetery where the earthly remains of Taro rested, for her body ached, and she could scarce put one little foot before the other; but, in spite of much physical suffering, she felt a growing sense of peace in her heart.

On her return from the cemetery she met her friend Suzu-Ko ["Little Bell"].

"You are ill," said Suzu-Ko kindly. "I do not like those too bright peony-buds in your cheeks, and there is a strange, far-away look in your eyes. Please take a jinrikisha and keep to your room. I will come and see that you are properly looked after."

"I am only very, very tired," replied Kinumé. "No, I will not take a jinrikisha. To-night I shall see my little son, and I shall grow well again when I have seen him."

"But is not your little one dead?"

"He has gone where Jizo is. To-night is the first night of the Festival of the Dead. So many souls will come to our town to-night, and Taro will come too."

"Kinumé, is it possible that you believe in these things? There is the *Bon* dance, the *kagî-zen* [shadow-feast], the red and white lanterns, but I did not think that anyone really thought that the dead come back again."

"I do," said Kinumé simply. "Jizo has been pleased to make my love big and beautiful, deep and far-reaching. Already Taro has left the Dry Bed of the River of Souls. He is coming over the sea, over the hills, trotting along the dusty roads to me. He always came when I called him. I am calling now. He is saying, ever so many times, 'Mother, mother, I am coming, quick, quick!' To-night I shall see him, and what joy will leap out of my hungry, waiting heart."

Kinumé bowed gravely, smiled, and went on her way.

It chanced that as Golden Plum-Flower sat in her garden shortly after sunset that Okazaki passed down the road, murmuring to himself, as was his wont.

"Okazaki," said Kinumé, "do you remember one who bought from you an image of Jizo?"

"Indeed I do," replied the seller of curios. "My customers are not so many that I should ever forget them."

"Would you like to see my little son?"

"But he is dead, is he not?"

"They all say that—all, because they do not understand. Be pleased to come into the garden and sit on the Stone of Easy Rest, and in a little while you shall see Taro."

Okazaki slowly entered the garden and sat down on the Stone of Easy Rest close to Kinumé. He saw the lanterns swinging on the gateway and on the corners of the house.

"You have found Jizo a good god?" he inquired presently.

"More than good, dear old man. You said that if I went on praying to him peace would come. Peace is coming into my heart now."

"Yes," replied Okazaki; "some of the gods fail us, but never the gentle and loving Jizo. Look at the moon rising over the sea. I wonder who blew that big bubble into the sky? How the fireflies shine and how the *semi* sing!"

"Okazaki," said Kinumé, her voice shaking a little, "there is no doubt that Taro will come, is there?"

"It is a very long way," replied the curio-seller. "He must be such a little ghost."

"Could not I go to meet him? Could not I carry him in my arms?"

"No, I am afraid not. We can but wait. He knows the way to you, but you do not know the way to him."

The moon shone on the dusty road, a white, winding ribbon that lost itself in the mist of a distant hill.

"Hark!" said Kinumé. "Cannot you hear the murmur of far-away voices—a wonderful whispering that comes from yonder hill?"

"I hear nothing—nothing, only the sound of the sea."

"But the murmur I hear is not of the sea. It is a great company of ghosts, talking, talking—how eagerly they talk! Now I hear the rustle of their white garments and the tread of their gentle footsteps."

"I hear nothing but the wash of the sea, O-Kinumé-San."

"Look! Look! They are coming down the road, such a gathering of happy souls. How fast they come, and how they smile when they see the lanterns hung out for love of them!"

"I see nothing but an empty road," murmured the old man, looking anxiously at Kinumé.

"Thousands are passing by the garden gate now, but I see no children—no little Taro." Her voice broke. "Perhaps, after all, he has not come."

"It is such a long way from the Sai-no-Kawara—such a long, long way," said the curio-seller tenderly. "Can you wonder that his little feet grew weary, that he fell asleep by the way?"

"All the souls of the dead have passed by now," sobbed Kinumé. "My little one could not quite reach me."

For some time the old man and the young woman remained silent. Then Kinumé suddenly sprang to her feet. "Look!" she cried eagerly. "Look! Jizo, clad in blue and brown and green, is walking along the road, and resting on his bosom is my little one! Jizo is calling me. Taro turns his head and smiles."

The old man tried to restrain Kinumé, but it was useless. She ran to the garden-gate, and, bowing before the Divine Playmate of children, took her child in her arms and pressed her cheek against his hair.

When Okazaki reached the road, he saw Golden Plum-Flower lying very still in the dust. He gently carried her into the house, and placed the image of the ever-smiling Jizo in her arms.

THE END.



AS OTHERS SEE US—AND AS WE SEE THEM: THE MAN WHO MARRIES FOR MONEY.

(1)—AS HE APPEARS TO US. (2)—AS WE APPEAR TO HIM.

DRAWN BY T. FRANCIS BARRETT.



ON THE LINKS

THE "MARVELLOUS BOYS" OF AMERICAN GOLF: THE NEW CHAMPION, AND OTHERS.

The Good Young Americans.

One of the features of American golf that has interested me for a long time past, and which has been so strikingly illustrated by the result of the Championship, is the remarkable advance to golfing maturity that is made by their young players. They seem all to have quite old heads on their very young shoulders, and to impart that steadiness and fine workmanship to their golf that most of our men appear only to gain when they are away past thirty. There are many young players at home, particularly round about the chief Scottish centres, who can perform brilliantly in an occasional round, and when they appear in a championship they may knock out a Ball or a Maxwell, or some great man like that, and then out very promptly they go themselves, adding an anti-climax to the drama they have accomplished. It is only the man of experience who goes on and on. Of course, some of the young Americans are inclined that way themselves. Mr. Waldo, who beat Mr. Hilton last year, crumbled up badly in the next round. But generally they display a steadiness, a resource, and an accomplishment that are far beyond their years, and I believe that through the agency of these fine young players America will make her golfing strength felt in the near future as she has not done in the past. There are many far better than Mr. Heinrich Schmidt in America, and it seems to me that Massachusetts, which has been lying low for some years past, is going to be one of the strongholds of American golf in days to come. Not for sixteen years had she supplied a man for the final of the American Championship until she did so this year in the person of the excellent Mr. John Anderson, with whom I have been on golfing expeditions in England, Scotland, France, America, etc., and found to be the most delightful companion for golf that one would ever wish to journey with. Anderson's father came from Ayrshire, and the son tells me of how he himself felt some peculiar quasi-homeland thrills when, though being American-born, his eyes for the first time rested on that glorious bit of Ayrshire golfing country that there is at Prestwick. Schmidt, too, is of Massachusetts.

A Star from Massachusetts.

Before the American Open Championship was over, I had written as follows of the winner:—"I have seen another young player belonging to this New England State who, if I am not much mistaken, will make a great sensation throughout the whole world of golf in a little while, and that is Mr. Francis Ouimet, who qualified for the match play in the Championship at Garden City for the first time, though he had made two previous attempts. He did not get very far, but it was Mr. Travers himself who beat him, and

the champion had harder work to do so than he had with any other of his opponents afterwards. I think that Mr. Ouimet is quite the most accomplished and steadiest golfer of twenty years of age that I have ever seen in my life. He is tall, spare, of athletic build, has good wrists and uses them, is very long from the tee (and, if you please, he always uses wood for his tee shots, and is not falling to imitate Travers, as so many other young Americans, including 'Chick' Evans even, are showing a tendency to do, and driving at long holes with irons), and his short game is just as good as anything I have ever seen in America. To these qualities he adds that of a perfect temperament for the game, and if he develops much more he will soon be in the position of being one of the very best amateurs in the world; indeed, I would say that he is that now. He headed the list on the first qualifying day at Garden City. We shall see him in England in due course, and in view of the frequent use of his name that may become necessary, it may be well to mention that the pronunciation of it is as 'Weemet.' He started his golfing life as a caddie at the Country Club at Brookline, and is now connected with a golf business at Boston."

Baseball to the Links.

It happens strangely that one of the other most remarkable features of American golf is the way in which the comparatively old men of the country cultivate and maintain a very good game. The American golfer who is getting well on in his middle age seems to have more vitality and more keenness in his game than ours does. He is always practising and trying to get his handicap down, and he does indeed get it down. I have just been talking to four American golfers going out for a four-ball match whose combined ages are 241, and there is no seven-handicap man at home who could give any of them a stroke. One of them began his golf when he was fifty-one, and he is now sixty-three and a six-man, U.S. rating, which means two or three with us. He survived the first qualifying test in the Championship the other day. He would never have played golf at all but for the fact that the year before he started, his relatives, who had been trying to persuade him to do so, made him a present of a set of golf-clubs. Another most interesting character in the Championship was Mr. John Ward, who some

fifteen years ago was the most famous professional baseball player in the country. With the money that he earned from baseball he began to study for the Bar and gave up the game. He is now a successful lawyer, and a very good golfer, too.

HENRY LEACH.



THE BOY WHO BEAT HARRY VARDON AND EDWARD RAY, AND WON THE AMERICAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. FRANCIS OUIMET.

Mr. Ouimet is an ex-caddie, and is twenty years old. In the American Open Golf Championship he tied with Harry Vardon and Edward Ray. In the play-off, he won by five strokes, the scores for the eighteen holes being: Ouimet, 72; Vardon, 77; Ray, 78. He gave a remarkable exhibition not only of thoroughly good golf, but—and it is, perhaps, to a considerable degree the same thing—of unshakable nerves. Only a fortnight before his triumph on the occasion mentioned, Ouimet had been beaten in the Amateur Championship, on the Garden City Course, by Jerome Travers. Ouimet won the championship gold medal and plate to the value of £60.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



THREE SKETCHES, WITH THREE OLD THEATRE FAVOURITES.

MISS DAISY McGEOGH, already well known as a composer of popular ballads, has written both the book and the music of a military play, and as the central figure is the heir to a peerage who is serving as a common soldier, and is a romantic figure in other respects—having

qualified himself for the Victoria Cross and being deeply in love with his nurse—who better could be found to play the part than Mr. Hayden Coffin? The scene is laid at a Hill Station in India, where the hero, by his dare-devil action, has won the Cross and has his arm in a sling. He has been driven to enlist because a hard-hearted father has insisted on his marrying a rich young woman whom he has never seen. So here he is, the idol of his regiment, which allows him to talk of the members in this strain, "To do the straight thing is the best medal a soldier can have," and listens while he exhorts the regimental football team in song thus: "Lift the Cup if you darned well can; but if you lose, die game." He and the nurse have fallen in love with one another, and, curiously enough, she has become a nurse because a hard-hearted father has insisted upon her marrying a youth of high station whom she has never seen. The ultimate dénouement is therefore not hard to guess. But before its arrival lots of things occur. A quite unnecessarily caddish officer kisses the nurse, and is treated with

AS EDWARD GLASS, PRIVATE, R.M.L.I., IN RUDYARD KIPLING'S "THE HARBOUR WATCH": MR. GEORGE TULLY, AT THE ROYALTY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

much quiet dignity by the V.C., from whom he has in old days borrowed money, and an apology is duly extracted from him. Then there is, of course, a comic Tommy, and a very comic person Mr. Sam Walsh makes of him. He is known amongst his comrades as "Sloppy," because of his romantic nature, just as the hero is called "Nobby" by his friends, who, without knowing he is to become a Peer of the realm before the end of the piece, instinctively discern the inherent superiority of the man. Mr. Walsh has a couple of good songs, which he sings with great success; and he invariably contrives to extract a lot of fun out of his part whenever he is on the stage. With his assistance, and that of Miss Gladys Doree-Thorne and an energetic company, Mr. Hayden Coffin finds no difficulty in making "Nobby, V.C." popular with the patrons of the Oxford. He has just the sort of songs that suit him, and he looks like becoming as great a favourite on the halls as he has for so long been in the theatre.

"The Pink Nightgown."

Under this alluring title another musical-comedy "star," Miss Kate Cutler, is appearing at the Tivoli in a sketch by Mr. F. Kinsey Peile. It is a slight little piece, but it quite serves its purpose. Lady Arthur Tollemache, for no particular reason, has obtained within a few years of her marriage a decree nisi against her husband, but just as it is about to be made absolute she alters her mind, and, employing a professional pickpocket to steal her lord's keys on the race-course, she lets herself into his flat at dead of night with a view to a reconciliation. There she finds supper set for two, and, incidentally, a pink nightgown in the spare bedroom. In deference to the proprieties, these articles of luxury belong to Lord Arthur's sister, who is staying with him, but we are not let into this very un-Parisian secret until the very

end. In spite of her blandishments, the husband remains something like adamant until a police-inspector arrives with the object of arresting her Ladyship for the theft, when Lord Arthur proclaims her as his wife, and all ends happily, the triumphant wife declaring her intention of immediately donning the article which gives its name to the piece. Experience has taught Mr. Kinsey Peile exactly how this kind of sketch should be written, and has equally taught him how to get through his share of the acting of it to the satisfaction of the audience, and it goes without saying that Miss Kate Cutler makes of the wayward lady a figure of complete fascination. She acts throughout with charm and point, and is mainly responsible for the undoubted success of the little piece.

A Revival.

For the delectation of the habitués of the Coliseum, who apparently can stand any amount of drama, Mr. Arthur Bouchier has resuscitated Mr. Leo Trevor's one-act play, "Doctor Johnson," and is playing the part of that overbearing lexicographer with characteristic gusto. I have often felt grateful that it did not fall to my lot to live in the same era as the pompous philosopher, and Mr. Bouchier's impersonation of him does not detract from that feeling. The Doctor is represented as a peculiarly objectionable old person, with reprehensible table manners and a gift of being alternately rude and platitudinous. In this play we find him at the Edinburgh house of his friend



IN THE EMPIRE'S NEW PRODUCTION, "THE GAY LOTHARIO": MR. VERNON WATSON AS CHARLES SIMPSON.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

as a benefactor to humanity who has achieved a great and godly purpose, which seems to me to be a particularly able feat to accomplish.



IN THE EMPIRE'S NEW PRODUCTION, "THE GAY LOTHARIO": MR. SHAUN GLENVILLE AS SIR GEORGE TOORISH.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Boswell, where his behaviour has the result of making everybody concerned extremely uncomfortable; and the bare fact that by his officiousness he becomes the cause of Mrs. Boswell's abstaining from eloping with a military cousin seems hardly to justify the general unpleasantness of his conduct as a visitor in a friend's house. However, Mr Bouchier manages to make the audience actually take to the old creature, laugh at his ponderous impertinences, and regard him in the end as a benefactor to humanity who has achieved a great and godly purpose, which seems to me to be a particularly able feat to accomplish.

ROVER.



THE COUPE DE L'AUTO: THE PEUGEOT PERFORMANCE: TALBOTS AT PATELEY BRIDGE: "POTS OF POWER": BENZOL.

Peugeots Pre-eminent.

In road-racing the Peugeot cars appear to be invincible. Not content with their previous victories during the past season, they have now added first and second honours in the Coupe de L'Auto, which was decided over the difficult and trying Boulogne Circuit on Sept. 21. That superb driver Boillot (who seems as infallible as the Peugeot cars are invincible) drove the first, and Goux (who is almost as great an expert) the second. The total distance covered in the race was 388 miles, and this was achieved by the winner in 6 hours 7 min. 40 4-5 sec., making an average of 63 miles per hour—a wonderful performance, having regard to the arduous nature and difficulties of the course. Goux was less than 9 min. behind him, being assailed by his usual bad luck in small mishaps. Lee-Guinness finished third on a Sunbeam in 6 hours 18 min. 50 sec., followed at a long interval by Hancock's Vauxhall. After the wonderful success achieved by the Sunbeam team in the Coupe de L'Auto last year, I am surprised that the Wolverhampton firm were not content to rest upon their laurels, which were profuse enough. It is ill dallying too far with Fate.

"How the Wheels Go Round." To achieve the average speed made by the winning Peugeot car, the little engine—for it is practically only a 15-h.p. motor—must never have turned at a less rate of speed than 2800 revolutions per minute, and, of course, much faster, as a rule, when descending the hills. This means that the pistons make two dead stops (5600) in every minute to reverse the direction of their motion. This also means that 1400 times a minute the induction, compression, explosion, and exhaust cycles take place. The magneto has to deliver 1400 sparks a minute, which must keep it very busy; and to say that it did this without fail for over six hours speaks volumes for the Mea instruments, with which the Peugeot cars were fitted. The Mea magneto lies on its side, and has its magneto rotated when the spark is advanced to keep the flow of current at its maximum, and this, no doubt, must have had its influence in the successes of the Peugeot cars. Tyres, of course, bear a most important part in such an event, and that the Pirellis fitted carried the Peugeots through triumphantly is, of course, creditable. Dunlops did splendidly on the English cars.

Talbots Top Again.

The Talbot cars are never to be denied. To their astonishingly long list of victories they have now added the first and second prizes on formula in the "A" event of the Yorkshire Automobile Club's Pateley Bridge Hill-Climb, as well as achieving the fastest and third fastest times up the hill—so securing the Cup presented for the best ascent of the day. The old record for the hill was thus beaten three times—by a 25-h.p. Talbot, a 30-h.p. Vauxhall, and again by a 25-h.p. Talbot. The report says that the driving



"LOOPING THE LOOP" IN MID-AIR ON A MONOPLANE: M. PÉGoud PERFORMING HIS LATEST SENSATIONAL FEAT OF UPSIDE-DOWN FLYING ON A BLÉRIOT—A FRENCH PHOTOGRAPH.

According to some, M. Pégoud, that very daring and skilful airman, made famous by his upside-down flights, does not precisely loop the loop. As it was put in the "Pall Mall Gazette" the other day:—"M. Pégoud turned over abruptly backwards from the upside-down position. The machine turned over in its own length, and, therefore, did not exactly describe a 'loop.' One instant the spectators saw the pilot's head pointing downwards, the wheels upward, and the propeller to the left. The next instant the pilot was on top, the wheels below, and the propeller to the right." M. Pégoud is held in his seat by an arrangement of belt and braces.

of the Talbot drivers on the bad bend was superb, each car coming up all out and then skidding up the hill nearly broadside on, but without any apparent diminution in speed. With the exception of one damp spot, the whole surface of the ascent was in excellent condition, which accounts for the happy freedom from mishaps: the only mischance being the loss of a tyre by the 30-h.p. Vauxhall. The big Brooklands Talbot, which, by reason of the indisposition of Mr. Percy Lambert, was driven by Mr. Leslie Hands, has put the new record for the hill to a giddy height.

Provokes Perfect Vaporisation.

The engineering world still continues to marvel at and discuss the extraordinary power developed by the Argyll single-sleeve-valve engine at Brooklands upon two well-remembered occasions a short time ago. These little pots of power are as wonderful to the multitude as the one small head of the Schoolmaster was to the denizens of the Deserted Village. But much thinking and consideration on the part of certain experts, who have given much attention to the matter, have resulted in the conclusion that the excess of power obtained from the Argyll single-sleeve-valve engine arises largely from the elliptical movement of the single sleeve, which tends to provoke perfect vaporisation of the gas by endowing it with a gyratory movement. The same effect is exerted on the exhaust gases as they are discharged from the combustion-chamber. To show what an Argyll single-sleeve-valve engine can do, I am informed that a fully loaded car fitted with an engine on the Argyll principle lately completed in France a non-stop run of 400 miles at an average speed of 60 miles per hour.

"Benzol and How to Use It."

It is true that to-day the fancy of the frugal motorist, appalled at being mulcted in 1s. 9d. per gallon, or more in outlying districts, for his most necessary fuel, heavily turns to thoughts of benzol, or some other less expensive substitute. Benzol—or should it be benzole?—can now be obtained in small quantities at many depots and garages throughout the country. A very large number of the addresses of the vendors of this spirit have already appeared in the columns of the Motor Press. But caution should be exercised in its purchase. If it is of a water-white colour, it is probably all right, but it should be regarded with suspicion if it presents a yellowish appearance. The prospective user of benzol should write to the Petrol Substitutes Joint Committee, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, W., for that body's interesting and clearly comprehensible pamphlet, "Benzol and How to Use It." My readers should bear in mind that this fuel can be used with most carburettors without alteration, though it will generally be found that the best results are obtained by slightly reducing the jet or jets from the petrol dimensions.



THE modification of Lord Kitchener's proverbial attitude towards officers who let their minds wander from the Army to matrimony has already been noted; but his sternness is falling from him more rapidly than his most intelligent Boswells could have foretold. The Hon.

Victoria Sackville-West and Mr. Harold Nicolson not only received his blessing for Oct. 1, but were invited to avail themselves of his hospitality in Cairo. The announcement that they go for their honeymoon "to stay with Viscount Kitchener" is delightfully unexpected, even if it only means that they stay at his house. A few years ago the other interpretation (that a newly married couple should go to stay with a friend) would have been impossible; but Lord Kitchener's customs are not the only ones to change with the times.

In the Galleries.

People and pictures are coming back to town. Sir Hugh Lane is packing up in Dublin, and will soon be arranging in Trafalgar Square the canvases lost to Ireland. Other owners have been busy in the interests of the National Art Collections Fund's Spanish Exhibition, which is causing, for



REPORTED ENGAGED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA: THE CROWN PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

The Crown Prince George of Greece was born on July 19, 1890, and is the eldest of the King of Greece's sons.

Photograph by E. Bieber.



REPORTED ENGAGED TO PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA: THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA OF RUSSIA.

The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, who was born on Nov. 3, 1895, is the eldest of the Emperor of Russia's four daughters.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Egler.

the time being, many blanks on private walls, including the Duke of Wellington's. But hardly less interesting than these exhibitions of first-rate importance is Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn's little collection of photographs at the Goupil Gallery. His subjects include Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. Roosevelt, M. Rodin and Mr. John Masefield, Sir J. M. Barrie and Mr. Sargent, as well as the new Poet Laureate and some twenty or thirty more. The photographs are interesting; and so are the people who go to see them—Mr. Bernard Shaw, for instance, looking at No. 1, which happens to be "G. B. S." himself; and Mr. George Moore (No. 18) trying to discover why Mr. Herbert Trench (No. 25) is considered the best-looking of living authors. The company at the Private View will have one advantage, at any rate, over the shadowy personages on the wall. All Mr. Coburn's sitters are men!

On the Lido.

Mr. Campbell Dodgson, whose marriage last week with Miss Spooner, daughter of the Warden of New College, stirred slumbering Oxford into something like liveliness, has

taken his bride to Italy with a clear conscience. For one thing, he can tell her more about the Italian engravers than any man alive; for another, his department at the British Museum, pending the opening of the new wing, is more or less closed to the public. He is a model Keeper, and if the Print Room had needed him it is probable that most of his honeymoon would have been spent among portfolios, instead of in and out of the galleries of Venice and the waters of the Adriatic. Reports from the Lido, by the way, tell of a glorious bathing season.



REPORTED ENGAGED TO THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA OF RUSSIA: PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.

Prince Charles of Roumania is the elder son of the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. He was born on October 3, 1893.

Photograph by Mandy.

Lady Eva Cholmondeley.

The announcement of an engagement between Lady Eva Cholmondeley and Mr. Harry de Paravicini is of particular interest. Lady Eva is the youngest sister of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and the youngest aunt of more than one notable young man. Lord Rocksavage has become famous, almost before his time, as a polo-player; and Lord George Cholmondeley has also figured in affairs that have caught the public eye. Lady Eva's eldest sister, Lady Marcia, married into the same family as Lady Eva will. Lady Marcia is the wife of Mr. Percy John de Paravicini.

Under the Cloak of Canada.

Sir Alfred Mond has gone to Canada, and even if he does drop in on the States before returning, his real business is to be in the Dominion. For the virtuous M.P. who happens to want to see polo at Meadowbrook, or take afternoon tea (a degenerate habit much growing on the other side) in Boston, Canada affords the best sort of excuse. A visit to the Dominion is a holiday-task of which the most conscientious worker, however careful of the good opinion of his constituency, need not be ashamed; but in Sir Alfred's case a well-filled programme proves that he is not trifling with the Empire. If he does lose himself over the border in answer to the insistent demands of American friends, it will be only for a few days.

The Cleric and His Castle.

At Mulgrave Castle is again gathered a distinguished house-party, including the Marchioness of Bristol, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, Lady Victoria Fisher Rowe, Lady Katharine Hardy, and Captain Stansfield. Another of Lord and Lady Normanby's guests is Archdeacon Norris, who keeps his host company by his collar—a Roman one. Lord Normanby, the only Marquess in Holy Orders, abides by the cloth, though he long since left his Manchester parish for his Castle.



REPORTED ENGAGED TO THE CROWN PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

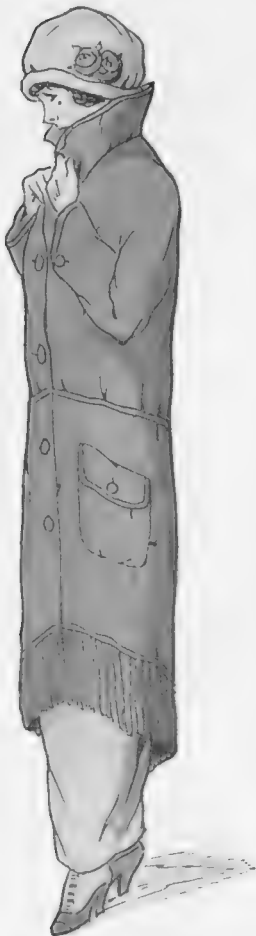
Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, who was born on September 29, 1894, is the eldest of the three daughters of the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania.

Photograph by Chusseau Flavians.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Dating Yourself. Every age has its ideal, its special idiosyncrasy; and the present one expects everybody—man, woman, and child—to stand on their own, to take their line, and not to hang on to other people for succour or sympathy. The woman who thinks it charming to be helpless and who exacts small attentions every minute will find herself out of the movement. The young man of the present day does not admire a helpless female: he expects her to understand the insides of motor-cars, to carry her own clubs at golf, to punt him on the river, and to be discriminating about cigarettes and to show judgment with the wine-list when she invites him to dine at her club. The old-fashioned clinging, appealing kind may still find favour during the first few weeks of marriage, but in three months she would be classed as an incompetent bore. Above all, she must show no trace of sentiment, or else be banished to the outer darkness where dwell the Legion of Frumps. The hearts of the present generation are set on enjoying the hour as it passes. They are pleased to see you arrive, but display no undue affectation of regret when you go. One may be reasonably sure that the Strephon of the twentieth century does not collect the odd gloves of his innamorata, nor decorate his rooms with faded roses or cotillon favours. Regret is voted out of date, and remorse a foolish attribute of a bygone century. That they do enjoy the passing show is certain; the question is, when old age—or even middle-age—arrives, whether these gay and casual youngsters will be as happy as certain of their elders are who possess a subtly selective memory.



A COMFORTABLE
TRAVELLING-COAT.

The coat is made in a soft woolly "tartan," with large side-pockets and a storm-collar to be turned up over the ears if desired.

The Casualness of the Londoner.

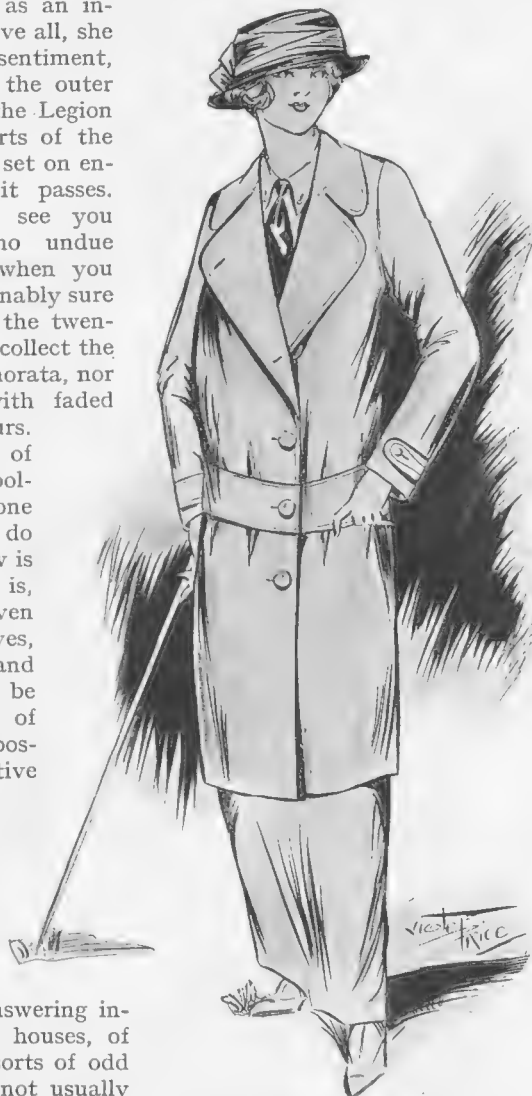
Perhaps the trait of the modern young Londoner which most bewilders middle-aged persons and foreigners is his "casualness." They cannot understand his detached and airy attitude towards mundane affairs; his habit of not answering invitations, of asking himself to his friends' houses, of "turning up"—or not turning up—at all sorts of odd hours. The alien, however desirable, does not usually grasp the fact that the supreme *chic* in England is not to fuss about anything. A modern and highly cultivated sense of humour confers a somewhat Olympian attitude on its happy possessor. If he is bankrupt or divorced, he makes little more of the matter than if he had lost a train or forgotten to send a telegram. And so in social matters there exists a very wide latitude, which modern hostesses who understand the younger generation are wise enough to tolerate. It is true that the extreme "sketchiness" of the modern boy would not be viewed with the same favour in a girl. If he is particularly agreeable, he is forgiven social backslidings which would not be readily pardoned in a woman, unless she happened to be of the most approved and latest "smartness." Yet life in London is conspicuously charming just because of the absence of fuss, the unpremeditated entertainments, the cheery parties made up, over the telephone, at a moment's notice, and, above all, from the conviction that nobody "in the movement" is going to be huffy or offended, whatever you may happen to do.

On the Snatching of Friends.

Not so long ago, for instance, the too-patent snatching of other people's friends was a form of theft from which people carefully refrained. There were excellent folks who, if they had known you for a sufficient number of years, looked upon you, socially, as their property, and were highly incensed if their friends desired your acquaintance. This rather absurd attitude, though a very human one, gave rise to all sorts of heartburnings, bickerings, and estrangements. It belonged, indeed, to a society more static than ours; it implied all sorts of grooves and conventions from which we turn impatiently to-day. On making a new acquaintance at the house of a friend, a Mede-and-Persian law required you never to invite the new acquaintance to anything without at the same time bidding the old friend. Did the new friendship prosper, you were constrained to be a trifle apologetic about the affair. It was felt, rather than acknowledged, to be a kind of moral misdemeanour—a picking and stealing of friends. But who cares for these niceties of conduct, these subtleties and reticences, in the year 1913? No one, indeed, has time, much less inclination. Friends are "snatched" right and left, and it is your business, and no one else's, not to let your chosen comrade slip away or run after strange gods—or goddesses. It is a society in which you have to be tolerably on the alert, and yet preserve an imperturbable and "casual" demeanour.

The Sacred Invitation.

If further proof were needed of the growing laxity in social matters, once sacrosanct invitation is the case of the dinner, a luncheon, a country-house visit, once accepted in writing, was considered as binding as marriage, as inevitable as the income-tax. Short of death or accident, it was simply not to be got out of. The delinquent who ignored this rule was held up to the detestation of other hostesses, and he (or she) was apt to get left out of the next house-party, or only to be asked to the Dinner of Bores. But nowadays charming and desirable people are allowed great latitude with regard to invitations. Society is so enormous, and parties of all kinds so numerous, that there can be no effective snubbing brought to bear on those who shirk their engagements or insist on turning up at the wrong time. The indignant hostess must always be perfectly aware that the culprit will be received with open arms next week in some still more agreeable house than her own. Whatever she does, she cannot socially extinguish him, for the "old, unhappy, far-off" days when English Society was ruled by a dozen tyrannical and rather terrible elderly women are no more. The modern hostess knows, in every sense, her "world."



FOR GOLF: THE "SPEYSIDE."

The "Speyside" is made by Messrs. Kenneth Durward, in blanket-cloth of various shades. It is cut with the new low waist, and has bull-horn buttons.

WRAPS FOR TRAVELLING AND SPORT.

insist on turning up at the wrong time. The indignant hostess must always be perfectly aware that the culprit will be received with open arms next week in some still more agreeable house than her own. Whatever she does, she cannot socially extinguish him, for the "old, unhappy, far-off" days when English Society was ruled by a dozen tyrannical and rather terrible elderly women are no more. The modern hostess knows, in every sense, her "world."



A WARM SHOOTING-COAT.

This is a warm coat to wear out shooting, made of cloth in a dead-leaf shade, lined with plaid.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 14.

HOME RAILS AND LABOUR.

EVERYTHING seems ripe for an advance in Home Rails. Even the labour troubles are over for the time being, except in Dublin, and as there now seems no risk of a sympathetic strike over here, the trouble is not serious. The market was not very pessimistic over the recent strike, but the newspapers effectually scared away the public, and it remains nervous. It is a pity.

The present condition of affairs over here is not any worse than exists in other countries, and we do not believe there can be any serious strikes for some time to come. The men's leaders are not in favour of one, and the Unions are too hard up to lend support. The Companies have now had some experience, the heavy holiday traffics are over, and, last but not least, Parliament is not sitting.

With regard to the new Employers' Union, we regret the flourish of trumpets, which can do no good whatsoever. If the big employers had banded together quietly the possibilities would have been unlimited, but now—*nous verrons*.

One of our contemporaries expresses the opinion that the Labour leaders are doing all they can to foster trouble in order to drive the Government towards the Nationalisation of the Railways. It seems to us rather far-fetched, as such a course is hardly calculated to make Mr. Asquith anxious to shoulder the railway directors' responsibilities! Also, with due deference to the same writer, we view such a prospect with considerable misgiving, for reasons which can hardly be discussed in a non-political City article. We agree, however, that shareholders would not be likely to suffer financially if any such scheme were carried out.

Our advice to investors is to buy Home Rails. Traffics continue to show satisfactory increases, and in spite of increased working costs, the final Reports must be of an eminently satisfactory nature. Great Western Ordinary stock at 114½, and Great Central 1891 and 1894 Preference are among those which especially appeal to us: they can be bought to give a very good return on the money, and offer, in addition, the probability of considerable capital appreciation during the next six months.

UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA.

We have often referred to the excellent prospects of this important Cuban Railway, and the dividend announcement which has just been made must be considered highly satisfactory.

Besides an increase in dividend from 4½ per cent. to 5 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, the directors have been enabled to place £125,000 to reserve, £50,000 to general renewal fund, and £40,000 to insurance, pensions, and expenditure on works funds. These figures compare with a total of £140,000 placed to reserve, etc., a year ago. The carry-forward is very slightly lower at £16,330.

We are very glad to see such liberal provision to reserve funds, as the nature of the Company's traffics, which consist so largely of sugar, makes it peculiarly susceptible to wide fluctuations in receipts. It will be remembered that, a few years ago, the reserve fund then existing was distributed among the shareholders, and, in view of the large capital, £500,000 cannot be considered a particularly adequate reserve account.

Cuba has enjoyed several prosperous seasons of late, and reports of the present condition of the sugar crop are all that could be desired. For several months there will remain the possibility of cyclones, but, apart from such catastrophes, the outlook is excellent, and current traffics are fully up to those of the same period a year ago.

The 5 per cent. Preference stock is an excellent investment; while the price of 89½ for the Ordinary stock, cum five points of dividend, appears to allow amply for the possibilities of bad weather.

MARCONI.

The rumours which have been current for some little while in the Market as to an increase of capital by the Marconi Company have now been confirmed by the official announcement that the directors propose to create 500,000 new £1 Ordinary shares, and to issue 250,000 at once at the price of £3 5s. each.

The object of this new move is to obtain control of the Goldschmidt patents through the Compagnie Universelle de Télégraphie et Téléphonie-sans-fil of France.

How the Marconi directors must have laughed to hear the discussion on this system in the House of Commons less than two months ago! And possibly they breathed a sigh of relief when the famous (or should we say, notorious?) contract was finally completed. At all events, they have lost no time in coming to terms with the rivals whom the Postmaster-General dismissed with such scant concern.

The Marconi Company now propose to proceed with the erection of the stations for the Government.

The Market was not very pleased at this new development, and the shares were marked down accordingly, but very little interest was displayed by the public, who have, we think, to a large extent lost all interest in the concern. "The burnt child fears the fire,"

and rightly, too, in this particular instance, as the shares are essentially unsuitable for the ordinary "Investor," and should be left to the shop and the professionals.

The shares of the Russian and Brazilian Companies will probably make their appearance before very long, although no details are, as yet, available.

THE CANADA IRON CORPORATION.

The position of this concern is turning out to be even worse than was suspected when the appointment of a Receiver was first made known.

The total capital at the date of the last balance-sheet, including Bond issues, amounted to nearly £2,500,000, and yet powers are now being sought to borrow £50,000, which is imperatively needed to enable the directors to carry on the business at all, and to prevent the realisation of the assets at a figure which would not suffice to repay the holders of the First Bonds!

This is clearly but a temporary measure, and there seems no doubt that some exceedingly drastic scheme of reconstruction will have to be undertaken before long.

The disaster is a glaring example of the danger of inflated credit and over-financing when times are good. A period of tight money inevitably comes along, and then the trouble begins. Until we get more details of the position of the various subsidiary companies, it is impossible to form any valuable idea of the prospects, but it is to be sincerely hoped that certain other Canadian Industrial concerns will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the lesson. Canada has passed through a period of money stringency, but a good harvest has put things right again. We believe absolutely in the ultimate future of the Dominion, but she is gambling on good harvests, and we fear one really bad year would cause grievous trouble in many directions. We hope, sincerely, that it will not come.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There now remains no doubt whatever that the hop crop will be very short this year, although of good quality. Estimates of the total English crop vary between 250,000 and 300,000 cwt. Belgium and the Pacific Coast have, luckily, had large crops, but, nevertheless, prices seem certain to rule high. Against this, however, brewers will have the benefit of a plentiful barley harvest all over the world, and this should more than counterbalance the increased cost of hops.

When we referred to Arauco shares at the end of July the price was 10. They have since advanced to 11, but we do not think there is any reason to sell yet awhile. They have been over 12 this year, and we shall be surprised if they don't go back to that price.

The little burst of interest in Egyptian shares has died down again, for the time being, but the outlook is promising. The cotton crop is turning out well, and the price keeps up. New Egyptians report improving land values, and the Company is doing much better. Egyptian Salt and Soda and Delta Lands should both see higher prices before the end of the year.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Quite a pleasure to meet once again, I'm sure," said The Merchant with a smile, as he looked round The Carriage.

All rose, raised hats to one another, and subsided into their seats again.

"How goes it?" The Engineer asked The Jobber.

"No luck," was the reply. "Famine in grouse, and all my partridge friends lost their game-labels."

"Never mind," laughed The Broker; "you're sure to get a few pheasants to-night—or to-morrow."

"Oh, sure to—provided I go and buy them for myself. And these aren't the days for luxuries."

He sighed, and lit another cigar, to the manifest amusement of the others.

"Made a bit out of bearing Rubber shares," he explained. "That's all. Thought I'd better spend it before I lost it in the Yankee Market."

"Rubber is going lower, isn't it?" asked The Broker.

"It looks like it," admitted The Merchant. "This Central Selling Agency may do a little good presently, but the producers are not sufficiently united to make a certain success of it."

"What objection can there be to such an agency?"

"Why, don't you see, some of the most influential people say, 'Let's have a further drop in the price of rubber, and kill the Brazilian stuff once and for all.'"

"Sounds neighbourly—not to say American," commented The Engineer.

"That's the game, anyway. If plantation rubber falls to eighteenpence, they reckon that Para will be killed. Re-enter plantation: manufacturers clamour: price goes up. And there you are!"

"Yes, there you are, provided you've not got frozen out first." The Broker added. "I happen to know one or two companies that have sold rubber for next year at two-and-six a pound."

"The rubber costs them what?"

"One-and-six. Mind you, these forward sales are no criterion of the price that rubber's going to be when they mature."

[Continued on page 416.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Spurt Already. There is very little going on socially in town at the moment, but there are quite as many nice, well-turned-out-looking people about the West End as there were during the season, and I find there is quite a rush on at many of the well-known dressmakers'. It looks well when there is a perceptible moving of the spirit so early in the autumn. The royal wedding is the chief event of the coming month, and arrangements for it are eagerly discussed. Court dress without veils, plumes, and trains is, at last, decreed for the ladies who will be present. This resolves itself into evening dress with jewels and hair-ornaments, and tiaras according to taste—which will, of course, be the very best possible taste. Commands to attend are much coveted, but must necessarily be limited, as the available space is so little. Among the intimate friends who are sure to be bidden are Lord and Lady Farquhar, the Marquis and Marquise d'Hautpoul, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lincolnshire, Lady Hillingdon, Dowager Lady Hastings, the Hon. Lady Keppel, the Hon. Lady Reid, and the Hon. Lady Musgrave; also the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow. A number of Prince Arthur's brother-officers will attend—all will, of course, be invited. A youthful subaltern has suggested "Drums" as a suitable *nom de camaraderie* for the Prince, because, he says, the thing a Scots regiment is proudest of is its "Fifes and Drums"!



A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE MEATH HUNT:
LADY MARY PLUNKETT.

Lady Mary Plunkett is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Fingall. She has one sister, Lady Henrietta, and two brothers, Lord Killeen and the Hon. Gerald Plunkett. Lord Fingall's seat is Killeen Castle, Dunsany, Co. Meath.—[Photograph by Lode]

A Coat to Conjure With.

There is every evidence that the three-quarter-length coat is to have a great vogue. For all sporting purposes it is, of course, the practical thing. Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, always abreast of the very latest styles, have introduced a new one, a drawing of which appears on another page. It is called "The Speyside," and is made in warm, light blanket-cloth of all colours. It has the smart wide half-belt so much in vogue; and this is placed to indicate the newest fashion of the low waist-line. There is everything in favour of this coat, which looks particularly well in pale mauve, pale blue, and old gold. It is light, warm, and practical, and the price is only four guineas.

The Influence of the Orient.

Our women are to look more like Sultanas than ever. The skirt-drapery that is most popular simulates Oriental trousers very closely, but there is no division—they would be prettier if there were. The under-skirt might, indeed, be described as a trouser for one leg with two thrust into it, so tight and long is it. Another favourite form is a short Eastern skirt, sticking out at the sides, worn over one of these very tight under-skirts. Yet again the skirt falls in long soft pleats in front, and is caught back tightly near the feet and finished with an

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. A. M. BANNERMAN: MISS ALINE RYRIE.

Miss Aline de Laune Ryrie is a daughter of the late Mr. David Ryrie, of New South Wales. Captain J. A. M. Bannerman, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, is the eldest son of Mr. J. Murray Bannerman, of Wyaston Leys, Monmouthshire.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

ornament just above the heels. These Oriental draperies in skilful hands are made to suit either small or tall wearers. In this we are cleverer than the people of the East, for a fat trousered Turkish lady is a terribly mirth-provoking object. I walked behind one such once, and became quite hysterical, when she turned sharply round and I found her to be a lady to whom I had introductions and

who had been very hospitable and charming, but whom I had only previously seen sitting! Happily, she thought the heat had caused a slight apoplectic seizure. I can quite see that our London streets will be walked by ladies apparently trousered, or with sticking-out short skirts suggestive of trousers below, or by burnoused ladies with floating draperies flying in the autumn breeze. One thing is certain—every skirt that calls itself smart is to be tighter than ever; and instead of cultivating the Tango, it would be useful to learn the double-shuffle.

In Egypt as the Egyptians.

The Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson is determined to do Egypt in suitable garb. One of the dresses which she is taking out in her trousseau might have been worn by the beautiful "Old Egypt" herself. It is green satin covered with red net, which is embroidered in an over-design with sequins and cabochons—square, oval, octagonal, round, septagonal, and straight—of every colour under the sun, the chief being strong purples, blues, and crimsons, with a liberal admixture of deep gold. Another black and silver fur-trimmed dress looks weird and full of fascination, a bright-green deep belt showing on the bodice. The visit of the lady who was commonly called "Kidlet" a while ago, with her diplomatic husband, to Kitchener of Khartoum will be marked by a little local colour in dress.

Fine Furs for Fair Ladies.

Few questions interest my sex more than what is to be worn in furs, and now that autumn is really here it becomes one of great importance. Nowhere can more reliable and authoritative information be obtained than from one of the heads of departments at Revillon Frères, the world-renowned fur-trappers, dressers, and moulders of furs into the smartest of coats, stoles, muffs, and ties for women, and coats and linings of the same for men. A short talk with one of these busy men gives a real insight into what we may expect in furry fashions. Sable holds its sway at the top of the tree—expensive, of course, but, like diamonds, a hall-mark of smart dressing, and one of those things which every woman of position looks forward to possessing when she is married at latest. Chinchilla is also costly in the extreme, and will be worn only by those who are very rich. The furs that will be in greatest demand for coats are musquash, broad-tail, caracul, and astrakhan. These will be very generally worn, and frequently of three-quarter length, this length being decidedly well on its way into smart women's favour. The long coats, wide at the hips and tight at the ankles, still reign, however, although their sovereignty is threatened. They are charming for driving and motoring, but heavy for walking—a point in which their rivals of three-quarter length decidedly score. Fox will be quite the smartest for fur sets—that is, stoles and muffs; and skunk will also enjoy great patronage. It is rich, handsome, becoming, soft, odourless, and wears well. In all the fine fur garments the linings almost rival the outside—they are of such glorious colouring and fine design. Altogether, my talk at Revillon Frères' Regent Street salons, and what I saw there, convinced me that furs this season are to be becoming and smart, and delightful to wear and to look at.



TO MARRY THE HON. FRANCIS R. HENLEY VERY SHORTLY:
LADY DOROTHY HOWARD.

Lady Dorothy Georgiana Howard is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, and an aunt of the present Peer. The Hon. Francis Robert Henley, a half-brother of Lord Henley, is a Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.



A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE WEXFORD HUNT:
MISS KATHLEEN FITZGERALD.

Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald is the younger daughter of the late Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, a son of the fourth Duke of Leinster. Her mother, Lady Maurice Fitzgerald, is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Granard.

Continued from page 414.

"You mean the buyers of forward stuff may be simply a group of speculators—not manufacturers?"

The Broker nodded, and The Merchant declared that rubber was so hedged round with uncertainties that, speaking for himself, he had decided to leave the market alone.

The Solicitor asked him whether he intended to make a fortune out of oil.

"More scope for talent, I do believe," cried The Jobber; "but with markets in their present state of apathy—"

"Where's that?" inquired The City Editor.

"Turning out of Fleet Street."

"Was that really the smartest retort you could think of? I fear you must be losing—"

"Ural Caspians, Shells, and Mexican Eagle Preferred," interposed The Broker pacifically, "are the safest things to stick to—specially Urals."

"They tell me to buy Lagunitos," remarked The Merchant. "Somewhere about six-and-six, aren't they? The worst of it is that your markets hold out so little attraction for the speculator."

"Prices go up one day, and then sag for a week," complained The Engineer.

"We haven't paid our office expenses since last May," The Broker stated. "And one cannot go on living on capital for ever."

"Life begins to lose its interest," added The Jobber.

"Ha-ha, ha-ha!" The City Editor said, with a face of profound melancholy.

"But," asked The Solicitor, "surely this kind of thing is nothing very abnormal? It must be beastly uncomfortable, no doubt—"

"No possible doubt whatever," said The Broker with conviction.

"But I feel sure the Stock Exchange has seen times just as bad in years gone by. And then a boom comes along. Things go up, business is very brisk, everyone overworked—"

"Yes; and we all get in at the top and lose our money," The Jobber concluded for him.

"The devil of it is," said The Broker, "that you know there are heaps of cheap things to-day, but you don't know which they are."

"Look at Home Rails," The Engineer advised them.

There was One, General, Groan.

"Exactly. Same with me. But now would be the time to buy them if we'd got the money instead of the stocks."

"Nobody has a kind word for them," said The Broker, "except the papers. And they don't count."

"Wonderful how unfailingly wrong the papers always are about Home Rails," The Merchant said. "You'd think by this time—"

"Don't forget that that applies with double force to brokers," The City Editor retorted. "We only write—"

"It must be a dog's life," said The Jobber sympathetically.

"If I were twenty-five years younger I'd go to Canada," was the reply.

"Ah, well," said The Jobber, getting ready to alight; "when you're five-and-twenty years older you won't want—"

"Want what?"

"Well, perhaps you won't want such warm clothes as you would in Canada! Oh, rotten shot! Good-day, gentlemen."

Saturday, Sept. 27, 1913.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.—We are not in love with your list, and think you could do better with the money. At all events, you should sell the last on your list, as the new issue is cheaper.

C. E. O. L.—(1) Good; (2) Only fair; (3) Second-rate. As you require a high rate of interest we suggest Arauco Second Debentures and Domingo Tomba's Debentures to replace (2) and (3).

J. D. W. (Aberdeen).—We think you can safely hold the Debentures you mention.

SALT.—(1) and (3) are quite good, and you can sleep soundly; but (2) should be sold, as the outlook is far from promising. Thanks for your kind remarks.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with A Record Bag; The "Clay" of Man; Training a Dog's Memory; Mr. Hall Caine; "Nude in Net"; "Mary Goes First," at the Playhouse; Fashionable Engagements and Weddings of the Moment; Miss Yvonne Arnaud; Miss Evelyn d'Alroy; La Milo; Pégoud.

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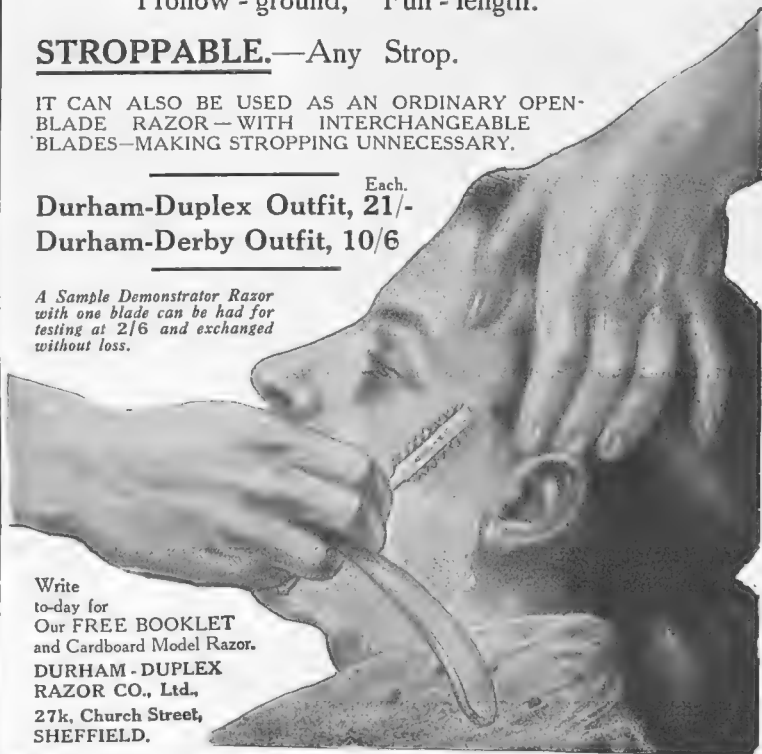
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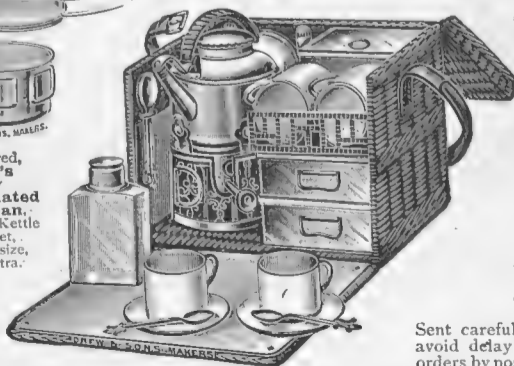
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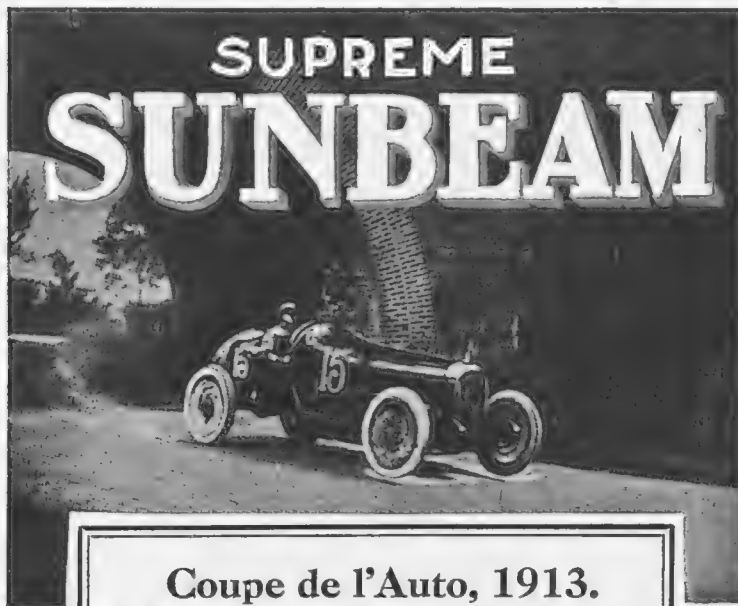
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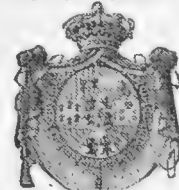
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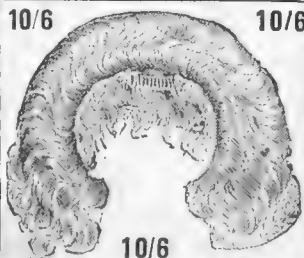
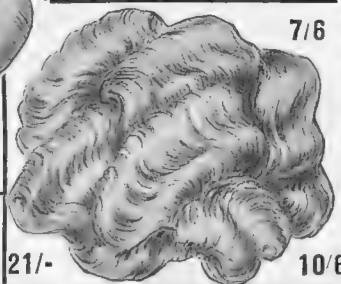
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ENTER THE PHEASANT.

"THANK goodness," said the wicked Tory landlord, as we stood watching the longtails gathering in the ride, "there will be something to shoot at a little later on, if the foxes are not too busy." He is a sad character: owns land, takes rent, breeds pheasants, and, though he can follow hounds without stopping to open gates, thinks that the pheasant was made for man and not for the fox. But for all his social shortcomings, over which he chuckles shamelessly from time to time, he did but express a thought that must have been in the minds of many shooting-men since September showed that partridges have fared nearly as badly as grouse in these islands. Like many another man, he has stopped partridge-shooting for the time being, and will do no more than have a few drives later on, in an endeavour to kill the old cock birds. For the rest, he will needs be content with some pheasant-shooting, which, as is well known to those who have never handled a shot-gun or dropped a high bird, is the easiest and most offensive sport in the world. One would like to take a company of these arm-chair critics to any stand at which pheasants were dropping, gliding, or twisting back into the home wood on the back of a December wind—they would try to forget most of their earlier utterances.

There is much to be said for the pheasant, and his worst faults are those of bad management. Sometimes he is raised in unsuitable country, in coverts so restricted that it is well-nigh impossible to arrange a shoot on sporting lines, with the result that he must be pushed out over the guns and shot before he is high or strong on the wing. Sometimes he is sacrificed in his hundreds not for sport, but for bag-making; or the possibilities of the coverts are overlooked for sheer lack of sporting instinct. This occurs very often in shoots that are hired for the season by wealthy townsmen who have neither the inclination nor the time to bother about sport. The largest result in the shortest time is the keynote of their desires. But the pheasant, particularly the wild bird that has never come under the keeper's care, is a clever fellow enough. His habits of calling and of perching are often his undoing, for they reveal his presence to his enemies; but his eye and ear are singularly well developed, and his running powers would win him an easy championship if birdland had Olympic Games. As a lover, as a fighter, as a strategist, he deserves all manner of recognition that has not yet fallen to his lot, while for outward semblance and for flavour he can hold his own with any bird in these islands.

The October pheasant does not shine at the festive board; he is a dry and flavourless intruder, but that is not his fault. Give

him till late November, when he has sampled the beechmast and the berries, and all the odds and ends of the late autumn woods and hedgerows that find favour in his eyes and accommodation in his crop, and he is found to have passed beyond the reach of rebuke. Until autumn is firmly established the pheasant must lack the wherewithal to develop his own essential qualities. Everybody knows this, and yet hundreds of pheasants fall to the gun before their time—not without reason.

The truth is that the wild pheasant is a great traveller and has no regard for the limits of the domain on which he was born and reared. In his search for food he will travel miles. Even the hand-fed birds grow weary of the monotonous diet that is provided for them, and on a fine frosty morning, if there be none to impede their progress, they will wander far and wide in search of dainties that do not figure on their woodland menu. Naturally enough, under the circumstances, the man who has a little clover, mustard, or lucerne standing when autumn comes in, or has thick hedgerows rich with the berries in which birds delight, feels that it is incumbent upon him to clear up these outlying birds before fresh woods and pastures new tempt their muscular feet to stray. It is not great sport—indeed, there is nothing in it save the quality of unexpectedness; but it fills the bag, and there are seasons, like the present, when this accomplishment alone is a considerable one. The owner of stubble-fields, hedgerows, and little covers is bound to shoot early if there be good woods in his immediate neighbourhood, for, as the area of their protection diminishes, the wild pheasants draw to the woods and, finding food supplied on a scale that would have taxed their best efforts to rival, remain in peace until the fateful day when they must pass over the firing-zone! The small man has a further inducement to make haste. His wealthy neighbour's gamekeepers are early risers and are anxious to mop up every pheasant in the district for their employer. They will not always hesitate to send their highly trained dogs over the small man's land in order to drive outlying birds to their woods, their argument being that if the birds do not belong to their master, they ought to remedy the defect as soon as possible. On the other hand, the small man answers this intrusion—perhaps he even anticipates and justifies it—by sowing peas, buck-wheat, and other subtle growths for which his personal need is of the slightest. I am often astonished at the passion for mustard displayed by the small farmer in a pheasant country, and by the seemingly reckless extravagance that leads him to spend three pounds on a game license. But I have been assured on many occasions that each outlay has been justified. And so the world wags.

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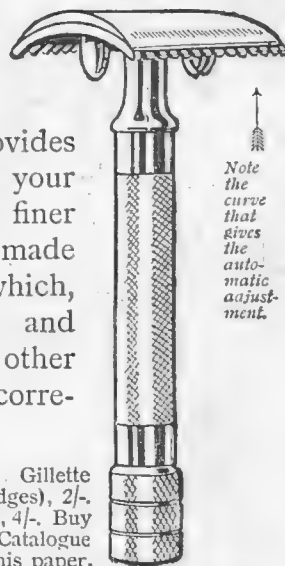
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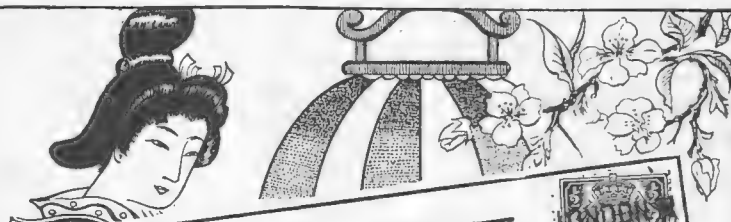
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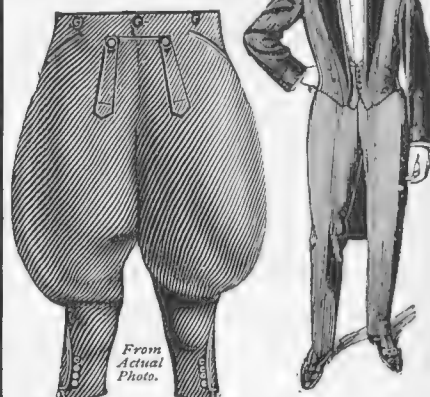
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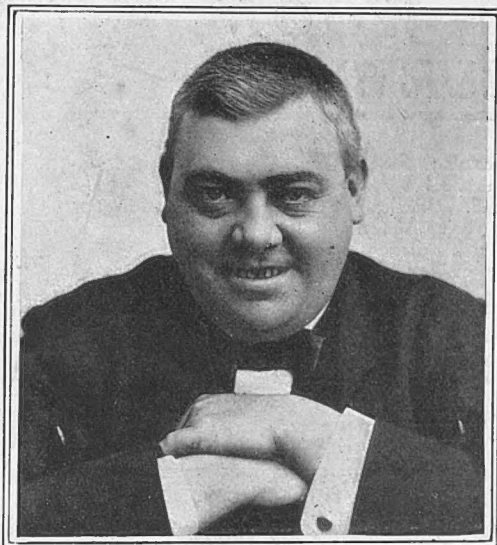
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(Continued.)

till some happy moment of another publishing season; but Charles Michael Saxby Fane is alive in the world of books, and will surely live there. We meet him, a little boy alone with his dreams in West Kensington; a little boy very healthily concerned with the social possibilities of a great school, or realising the joys of combination on the Leas at Folkestone, where he joined an association for asking everybody the time. We greet him in "the zenith of boyhood's glory," breathing Virgilian airs among the Classics, fighting the Modern cads, and wearing Etons jauntily in "that sexless interlude" before Etons are discarded for an ill-fitting suit that imitates the dull garb of a man. We share the significant moment when he knelt for Confession before his Confirmation. A church in Bournemouth so High as to be called, in the landlady's words, "practically Roving Catholic" had already attracted him. It was before a priest of this description that he first confessed. "Michael thought that never before could Father Vince have listened to such a narration of human depravity from a boy of fifteen, or even from a man full grown." Michael took it so seriously and so sincerely. "He half expected to see the priest rise in the middle and leave his chair in disgust. Michael felt beads of sweat trickling from his forehead. . . . Then he heard the words of absolution, tranquil as evening

bells." From that hour we watch Michael's religious mind unfolding as sweetly and as unpretentiously as a flower. We take leave of him after one generous adventure into romance, an extraordinarily attractive youth awaiting "the greyness and the grace of Oxford."



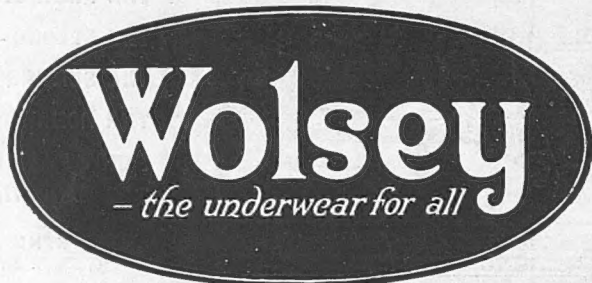
A GREAT LOSS TO LONDON'S GAIETY: THE LATE MR. H. G. PÉLISSIER, CHIEF OF THE FOLLIES.

Everyone heard with deep regret of the death of the genial head of the Follies, Mr. Harry Gabriel Pélissier. After a long illness at Hythe he was brought to London recently, and died at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Edward Compton. Mr. Pélissier married Miss Fay Compton in 1911.

Photograph by Hana.

There is a fine chance to pick up a good piano at Messrs. Harrod's annual clearance sale, which began on Monday. As many as 616 pianos, new and second-hand, are included in it, as well as player-pianos and organs. The pianos mainly comprise those returned from hire, after being out for a season in good private houses. They are being sold at remarkable reductions. A catalogue can be obtained for ordering by post from Messrs. Harrod, Brompton Road, S.W.

No fewer than 361 silver cups with oak plinths, 12½ inches in height, are being made by Messrs. Stewart Dawson and Co., Ltd., for the New Zealand Territorials. A hundred or so of these cups are on view in the windows of the firm's West End establishment, and, with their varied engravings, form one of the most interesting sights in Regent Street. Placed one on the other, the cups would form a silver column 240 feet high, but if the plinths were included, they would reach 125 yards in the air. One order recently executed by this firm represented about a quarter of a ton of silver.



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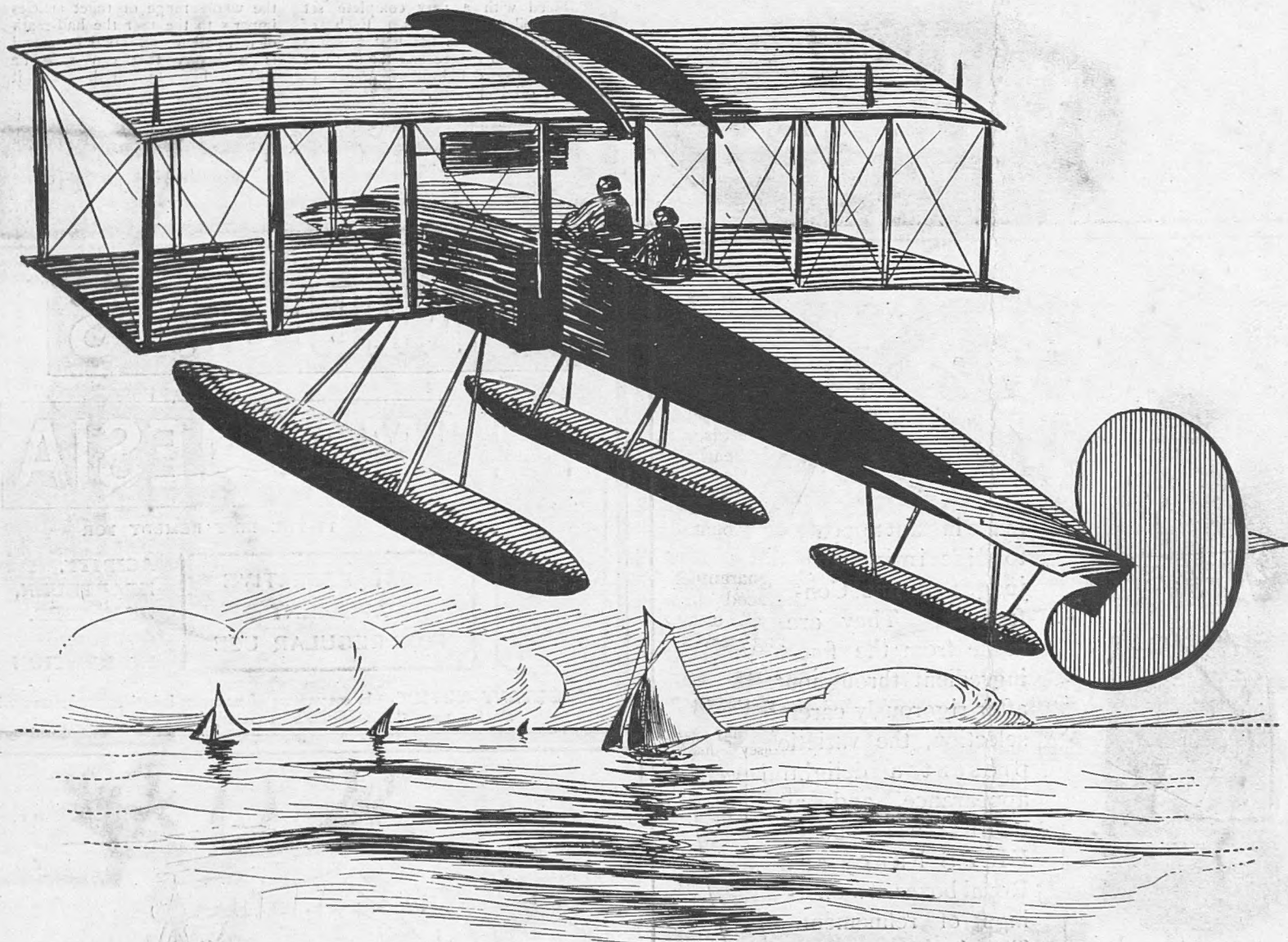
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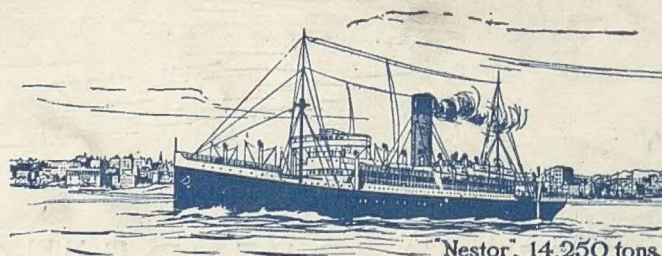
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